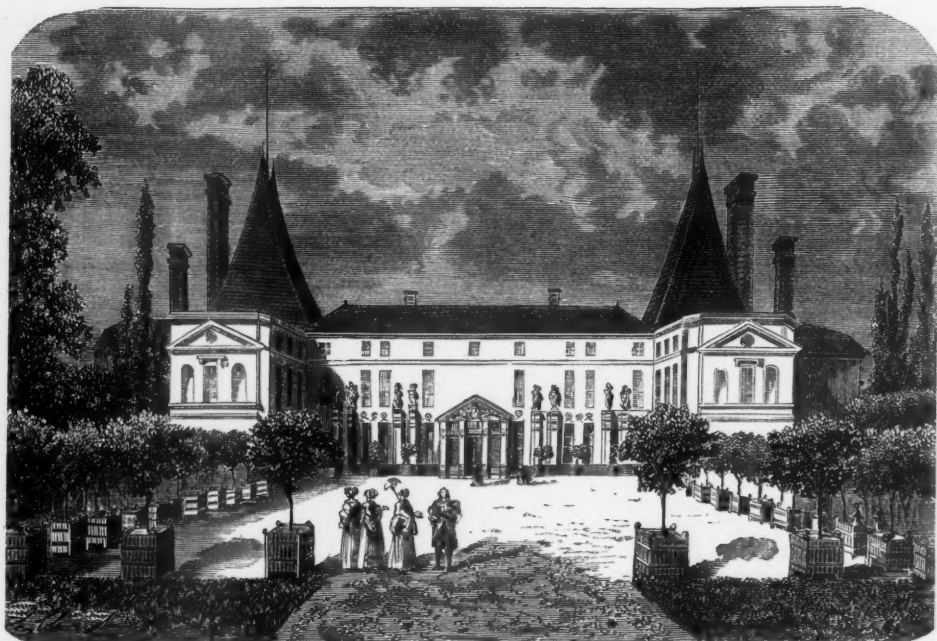


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MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—MAIN ENTRANCE.

JOSEPHINE AND MALMAISON.

THERE is scarcely to be found in history a life so rich in dramatic interest as that of the Empress Josephine, for its romance commences with the dawn of her existence in the island of Martinique in 1763, and continues unabated until 1814, when at the Château Malmaison she breathed her last, clasping in one hand the miniature of Napoleon and in the other the hand of Alexander I of Russia, her sincere friend and admirer. Especially is she immortal in the hearts of women by the triple appeal of moral excellence, intense suffering and heroic submission to her fate. It is the romance of her life, more than all other causes, that has thrown a halo around the ugly old pile with its high-pointed pyramidal roofs, its tall chimneys and its general lack of architectural symmetry. Its very name is a malediction—*mala mansio*—though the motive of it is lost in the ob-

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curity of the thirteenth century. The chateau is near Rueil, some eight miles from Paris. It was purchased in 1798 for sixty thousand francs, partly with the dower of Josephine and partly with the resources of General Bonaparte, whom she married in 1796, being then thirty-three years old and he twenty-seven. The marriage was a fortunate one for him, as his own words testify. "The circumstance of my marriage with Madame de Beauharnais," he says, "placed me on a proper footing with the party necessary to my plan of fusion, one of the first principles of my administration. * * * Without my wife I should never have established any natural relation with that class." Another declaration of his agrees perfectly with this idea: "I win only battles—Josephine wins me all hearts."

Josephine, at the time of her first acquaintance with Bonaparte, then a simple general of brigade, was in the flower of her beauty and grace. She had

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survived the merciless storms of the Revolution, during which she had been torn from the bed of her sleeping children, thrown into prison and sentenced to death: her husband, less fortunate, perished by the guillotine. A part of her confiscated property had been restored to her by the National Convention through the efforts of Tallien, whose celebrated wife had been one of her prison-companions; and now, in the society of her children, Eugène and Hortense, and surrounded by a few cherished ones whose love had survived the ordeal of misfortune and poverty, Josephine was enjoying a quiet domestic life, made sweeter by the memory of the reverses she had suffered. And these reverses had been terrible, even before the Reign of Terror. Not to mention her first misfortune, when as a young girl in Martinique she had been prevented from marrying her first love, a young English gentleman of distinguished merit, her loyalty as a wife had been questioned, and her boy, then three years old, taken from her. She suffered dreary months of solitude in a convent during the legal suit for divorce instituted by the Vicomte de Beauharnais, and though the decision of the court was in her favor, she was broken-hearted from the injustice visited upon her, and she returned to the island of Martinique with Hortense, leaving Eugène behind. Three years after, the vicomte repented of his cruelty, and humbly begged his wife to return and reunite their divided household. Josephine's friends tried every means to dissuade her from returning to the dissolute Beauharnais, but the mother-love triumphed, and she made haste to leave Martinique for the second and last time.

There are many portraits of Josephine, and perhaps none of them are very true to the original. The various written descriptions of her are much more consistent with each other. All agree that she possessed rare personal attractions, and especially that in speech and grace of movement she was imitable. "The first applause of the French people," said Napoleon, "was to my ear as sweet as the voice of Josephine." In singing, her voice was tender and melodious, and she played the harp with skill. At St. Helena, Napoleon once said to Dr. O'Meara, "*Josephine était la grâce personnifiée*," and again, that she was "the most amiable and the best of women." She was rather above the medium height, her form beautifully moulded, her shoulders of the most dazzling whiteness, and her eyes deep blue, shaded by long, dark lashes. Her hair was not very abundant, but soft, easily curling, lustrous, and in color a fine dark brown. As a child, she learned with great ease, and during all her life she was passionately fond of reading and of flowers. Flowers were to her not merely an affectation of refinement, but rather a necessity of her rich, sensuous nature. Wherever she lived, there flowers flourished, surrounding her with an atmosphere in perfect accord with that exquisite generosity and tenderness of soul which made her forget all injuries, listen to every tale of suffering, and refuse no sympathy or aid that was in her power to bestow. Napoleon accused her

of extravagance. "Her squandering was my torture," he once said to Las Casas at St. Helena ("*Son gaspillage était mon supplice*"); but as Josephine would not or could not keep regular records of her smaller expenditures, and as her purse was ever open to beggars of all degrees, it is easy to account for the accusation. Softness of heart was indeed her fault, and no doubt she was often imposed upon; but when we think of the millions upon millions squandered by Napoleon to obtain that glory which crippled the industries of France and deluged her soil with rivers of precious blood for which nothing could atone, we are disposed to think that it ill became him to growl over the somewhat extravagant sums disbursed by Josephine in her charities and in supplying honest employment to those who took care of the parks, gardens and flower-conservatories that were a peaceful and beneficent culture to thousands.

It was a labor of love for Josephine to improve and embellish the buildings and the grounds of Malmaison, and she had full permission to exercise her taste and judgment as she deemed best. On his return from Egypt, the First Consul found the whole place rejuvenated and blossoming "as the rose." The broad, neglected esplanade behind the château had been decorated with rare shrubs and parterres of flowers. Little streams of water rising in the high and nobly wooded hill on the left wound picturesquely through the lawn among the flowers and emptied in laughing cascades into the beautiful lake, which was adorned with statuary and peopled with gay flamingoes and black swans. The park, under the skillful hands selected and directed by Josephine, became the rival of Blenheim and Windsor, and even surpassed them in some respects. Its animals, both wild and tame, were left free to roam where they pleased. Like the Trianon grounds—with which Josephine was familiar through her former visits to Marie Antoinette, who had befriended her at the time of Beauharnais's ill-treatment—Malmaison had its sheepfold, which still exists on the borders of the pond, its dairy, its inevitable Temple of Love and its Swiss chalet. But as Marie Antoinette's ideas of cottage, peasants and poverty had been acquired solely from the opera, her chalet was hardly more than a toy, like the Noah's Ark of babyhood. Josephine's, on the contrary, was the practical work of the woman of the people and of the world. It was the comfortable, permanent home of a Swiss family, who took charge of her rare breeds of merinos and Normandy cows, in the midst of a landscape where their Alpine costumes created no discord. Even the artificial grotto in the Malmaison gardens at least suggested utility, for it sheltered a very passable hermit, though a marble one, in the guise of a Capuchin monk—the spoliation of some convent chapel during the Revolution.

Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, must have been enchanted by the inexhaustible surprises of rustic pavilions, kiosks, airy bridges, shady arbors, gurgling streams, miniature waterfalls and lakes

peopled with rare aquatic birds that rose continually before him as if by enchantment, as arm in arm with Josephine, whom he then passionately loved, he sauntered for the first time through the broad avenues or winding odorous paths of these splendid grounds. Everything conspired to render the hour supreme, for whether his expedition had been a blessing or a curse to France, his name was on every tongue, and his ear still retained the music of the pealing bells and the joyful acclamations that had greeted his arrival at Paris. There was not even wanting a lover's quarrel and a very dramatic reconciliation to complete his bliss; for he had luxuriated in a whole two days' pout, after meeting the loving, exultant joy of Josephine on his return with a freezing look and a curt dismissal from his presence. He had listened

feet high, and covered with golden hieroglyphics. The *cabinet de travail*, or office of Napoleon, was on the first floor, as were also the art-gallery, the drawing-rooms, the billiard and dining-rooms and the council-hall. The last was decorated to resemble a military tent, and furnished with heroic simplicity. On the second floor were the private apartments of Napoleon and those of Josephine. There was a little door between these, used only by the occupants; and later, when Napoleon had made up his mind to divorce Josephine, the sealing up of this door was one of the delicate and manly methods he took to prepare her for the sacrifice.

It was a proud boast of Josephine that she never kept any one waiting half a minute where punctuality depended upon herself. This consideration for



MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—THE PARK.

to the scandal which represented her as having, during his absence, "played the coquette with everybody." This god of the battle-field never appears to such disadvantage as when contrasted with Josephine; but military glory is at best a terrible school for the manners of men, and this must not be forgotten in judging Napoleon; nor the fact that even Josephine herself was dazzled by the glamour of his renown, and augmented his natural egotism by subtle flatteries, which indeed, in her case, had the excuse of being dictated by her love for the man, not the hero.

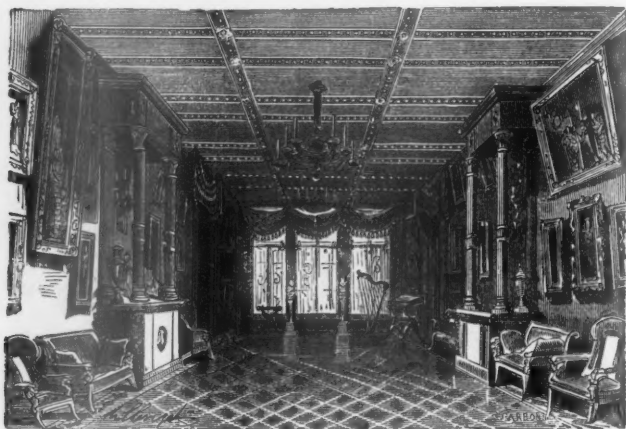
One form of this flattery was the erection of a beautiful tent as a porch to the rear entrance of the palace. The right and left approaches to this tent were defended by drawbridges, at the head of each of which stood a little obelisk in red marble, fourteen

the pleasure of others, the never-failing mark of refined breeding, was signally wanting in Napoleon. When the established hour for dining at Malmaison was six o'clock, and though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero; they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but "helped himself

with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy." Knowing the time necessary for the emperor to dine, the shrewder ones took care to dine in advance. Eugène once confessed this at the dinner-table, much to the amusement of the emperor. Josephine always quitted the table with Napoleon; but with her never-failing consideration for the comfort of others, she commanded the rest, by a gesture as she rose, to remain.

No one can excuse Napoleon for that domineering spirit toward Josephine, which made him forbid her to receive, when she became empress, her old associates, who he knew were tried and true friends. A letter from Josephine to the Duchesse d'Aguillon, a former fellow-captive and a sincere friend, throws some light upon Napoleon's motive. She writes, among other things on the same subject, "The more I think of what my friends did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart

marriage of Josephine and Napoleon must have been charming to their guests. No tiresome etiquette ever prevailed in the house of Josephine while she had power to prevent it. There was a general programme for the disposition of the time, but no arbitrary rules that prevented freedom of movement and friendly intercourse. Bourrienne gives us a pleasant account of the games on the lawn, in which the whole company joined with the abandon of children. One of these was the game of "prisoners," which seems to have been only an improvement of the well-known "tag" of our boys and girls. In these health-giving sports Napoleon, who was a clumsy runner, often measured his inconsiderable length on the greensward, when of course his capture was certain, and getting up he delivered himself, laughing heartily, to his victors. Hortense, afterward queen of Holland, was one of the swiftest runners in the field, and she also excelled all the "talent" of the Mal-



THE GALLERY AT MALMAISON.

dictates. The empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and cannot pay the debts of Madame de Beauharnais. This constitutes the torture of my life, and will explain why you do not occupy a place near me; why I do not see Madame Tallien; in fine, why several ladies, formerly our confidential friends, would be strangers to me were not my memory faithful. * * * Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, * * * Napoleon's intention is to keep at a distance from his court all those who may have profited by the possibility of divorce. This he has promised the pope, and hitherto he has kept his word. Hence the cause of his refusal of the favor I asked of having you with me, which has caused me unspeakable regret; but he is too absolute for me to have even a hope of seeing him retract. * * * Often do I regret that small, dark and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there, at least, I could pour out my whole heart, and was sincerely loved in return."

Life at Malmaison during the first years of the

maison theatre. "Hortense played marvelously, Caroline (Bonaparte) passably, Eugène very well. Lauriston was a little heavy, and I dare not assert that I was not the worst of the lot," says the candid Bourrienne; and he adds that if the playing of the actors was not good, it was not the fault of the training, for Talma himself gave them lessons, making them rehearse sometimes together, sometimes separately. Napoleon delighted in these amateur theatricals, and often importuned Bourrienne in the most caressing manner to take part in them, even when he tried to excuse himself because of his pressing occupations. "Come, now, Bourrienne," he would say, "you have such a fine memory! You know how much you amuse me: you make me laugh with all my heart. Don't deprive me of this pleasure: you know well I have none too many." Thus appealed to, Bourrienne could only yield, and set himself to study his rôles.

In the whole life of Josephine there appears but one act that might lower her in the estimation of

posterity, and that is her using her influence to sacrifice Hortense to the Moloch of ambition. Her admirers have sought to excuse this on many grounds; among these her dislike to General Duroc, Napoleon's aide-de-camp in Italy and Egypt, who had been the accepted suitor of Hortense; her indifference to any distinction except that conferred by Napoleon; her desire for a triumph over the Bonaparte family, who always disliked her, and persistently sought to lower her in the estimation of Napoleon; and, finally, distrust of the nature of the regard existing between her husband and Hortense. But not all these motives combined can justify her course. Hortense at the time still loved Duroc ardently, and to Louis the union was not less repugnant, for he was at the time passionately devoted to another woman, and never recovered the shock of the breaking of the engagement by the fiat of his all-powerful brother. The grim farce was solemnized by the Church in 1801, and the seven hundred guests that thronged the

plants, gathered from all parts of the earth. Not a ship left a foreign port without bearing some botanical treasure to Josephine, who fairly idolized flowers, and seemed to possess a sort of fraternal sympathy with them—a mysterious affinity not comprehended by the rest of the world. A flower was a surer passport to her favor than the most precious gem. All Europe knew of her passion, and strangers took pride in gratifying it. Even war suspended its rigors in favor of a taste so laudable and beneficent, for the prince-regent of England gave orders that all plants expressed to Josephine which fell into the hands of his cruisers should be forwarded to her.

In the plan of the largest hot-house there presided an inspiration peculiarly her own: this was to unite the attractions of the hot-house to those of the drawing-room; and in accordance with this idea an elegant room was constructed near the centre of the longer side of the building, and separated from it only by two columns supporting the entrance. These



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Tuileries at the bridal *fête* ignored the tragedy which Louis and Hortense were enacting. The union proved a wretched one, and was dissolved in 1815 by the tribunal of the Seine. The late emperor, Napoleon III, was the third and last issue of this unhappy marriage. The court of Holland had not the slightest attraction for Hortense, and she sighed continually to return to France, where everything was more congenial to her nature. She was exceedingly fond of music, and composed several pieces, among which is the well-known "Partant pour la Syrie." In character she was gay, impulsive and generous: she was vivacious and brilliant in conversation, beautiful in form, but less so in face, on account of the conformation of her mouth and teeth, which projected too much for ideal beauty; but her eyes were superb, like those of her mother, and her hair was of the finest blonde type.

One of the greatest attractions at Malmaison was the magnificent collection of tropical and other rare

columns, twelve feet high, were of violet breccia, with gilded bases and capitals. The room was decorated with exquisite taste after classic models. Here Josephine came every day—first, to look after her treasures, and to enjoy the delicious surprise, known only to flower-cultivators, of seeing some new exotic opening its glowing petals to the light for the first time in its foreign home; and then to recline with an indolence that is itself a culture in that charming sanctuary where the most graceful forms, the most perfect colors, the most exquisite odors created a symphony of delights.

Among the flowers introduced into France by Josephine were rare species of the hibiscus, bignonia, phlox, myrtle, geranium, mimosa, cactus and rhododendron. One of the finest dahlias still bears the name "Coquette de Rueil," a *Camellia Japonica* owes its name to Josephine, and she is immortalized in the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," one of the finest roses in the world. In the *Jardin de la Mal-*

maison, a costly folio, containing full-sized colored plates of the one hundred and eighty-four exotic plants that blossomed, nearly all of them, in the Malmaison hot-houses for the first time, there is the *Josephinia imperatricis*. This is a lovely bignonia, propagated from seeds brought from New Holland. Josephine, who cared for no unshared honor or pleasure, asked her botanist to name a certain new plant after her husband. But here was a dilemma. Both the names of the great man had been already used by other botanists, and so the result was a kind of Greek enigma: *Calomeria*, from *kalos* (good), and *meris* (part).

In the dedication of the book mentioned, compiled under Josephine's patronage, the dry old scientist Ventenat, member of the Institute of France, flatters his patron in that gentle stilted style peculiar to our grandfathers. He ends the dedication thus: "If in the course of this work I have to describe some of those modest and beneficent plants which seem only to live

inclosing the initial of her name. The delicate silken bed-curtains, bordered with gold fringe, were suspended from a baldachin in the form of a royal crown, bearing the monogram of the initials "N." and "J." To-day the gold is tarnished, the velvet torn and faded, and the melancholy ravages of Time are seen upon everything. In the cabinet of the emperor there is the clock that stood in his room at Longwood, stopped by some hand at the moment of his death; in the gallery, the harp that Josephine used to play, its strings now broken, its music hushed forever. The words of Napoleon, "*Triste comme la grandeur*," seem solemnly reverberating through these deserted, decaying halls, and the visitor is glad to escape from their depressing atmosphere into the free sunlight, the symbol of progress and eternal youth.

The tourist on quitting Malmaison will retain vividly for some time a crowd of souvenirs; but after awhile the most of them will have vanished, and



THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

for the purpose of exhaling an influence at once sweet and salutary, I shall find it very difficult, madame, to refrain from comparisons which would hardly escape my readers."

The gallery of Malmaison contained not only paintings, among which the Dutch and Flemish schools predominated, but antique vases and statues—Greek, Etruscan, Egyptian—and a fine collection of bronzes and exhumed treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii; and as the Trianon under the last empire was made a distinctive Trianon museum, so under the same patronage Malmaison became a depository of the souvenirs of Josephine and the Bonaparte family.

The bed-room of Josephine in her time must have been a gem of luxurious taste. It was hung with purple velvet, figured with gold. The centre of the ceiling was painted to represent a brilliant summer sky with light, rosy clouds. The embroidery covering the furniture was principally the work of Josephine. The centre of each piece was a medallion

when the name of Napoleon is mentioned there will only return to his memory the Longwood iron bedstead, some snuff-boxes, a faded military uniform and a rusty sword. With the name of Josephine will appear that stately couch, her nuptial bed and her death-bed, and that broken harp. The difference between the souvenirs thus retained suggests the motive of this paper. But it is so difficult to do justice to Napoleon—so easy to overestimate a woman like Josephine. She appeals to the heart at every step; he seldom, except through those eloquent witnesses of his love for her, written often amid the din of battle on a desk improvised by the head of a drum or the pommel of a saddle.

One really grand speech of his—grand, because almost superhuman in its egotism—is preserved by Roederer. It was at Malmaison after the 18th Brumaire, when the tribunal imposed upon him the general restoration of popular rights, thus making him, as he thought, the slave of the liberties of the

people. "I am a soldier," he cried, "a child of the Revolution, sprung from the bosom of the people. Do they think they can insult me as if I were only a king?" To Josephine his boundless ambition seemed an ungovernable mania. She could only prophesy his fall, and then calmly submit to destiny, which she always believed, or affected to believe, was foretold in her case by the old negress at Martinique, who told her she was to become greater than a queen and die in a hospital. It seems quite certain that in prison she laughed at her friends who mourned over her coming fate, and reassured them by declaring that she was yet to be queen of France; and that after she became empress she gradually acquired a kind of superstitious regard for the old woman's prediction. We are told that at Malmaison one bright evening, when the project of divorce was in contemplation, she called the emperor's attention to something in the heavens, saying, "Remember that it is to my star, not yours, that sovereignty has been promised.

interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext: your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin."

Eugène warmly espoused his mother's cause, and when the divorce was pronounced wished to abdicate the vice-royalty of Italy, but was dissuaded by Napoleon, and also by Josephine herself. Two years before he had sought to reconcile his mother to the proposed separation, as appears from one of his autograph letters now preserved in the Malmaison museum. It is little known to English readers, if indeed it has ever been translated. The following are some extracts from it: "I have received, my good mother, the letter you sent me by Bataille, and it has given me great pleasure, for it assures me that you are content, that you despise the malice of evil tongues, and that the emperor continues to treat



BED-CHAMBER OF JOSEPHINE.

Separate our fates and your star fades." There is no question that she clearly foresaw his fall, though no magic was necessary for that. This appears evident in the letter written the day following that melancholy dinner, where neither ate or spoke during the whole time. When they left the table he approached her, and taking her hand commenced the prelude to the fatal words of separation. She stopped him when he ended the words, "My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France," fell lifeless upon the floor, and remained three hours insensible. The letter she wrote the next day commenced: "My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us: the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward, I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you), but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as your motive, will, it is said, indemnify me by justifying you! These

you well. You have nothing to fear from him, because he himself despises those who are base enough to give him bad advice. There is a great deal said about the divorce. I have this from Paris and from Munich; but I am pleased with your conversation with the emperor if it is such as you have represented it. You should always speak frankly to his majesty; to do otherwise would be to no longer love him. If the emperor still bothers you about children, tell him that it ill becomes him to reproach you on such a subject. If he believes that his happiness, and that of France depends upon his having children, there is only one honorable course to follow; but he ought still to treat you well, and give you a sufficient dower to enable you to live in Italy with your children. The emperor can then marry as his policy or his happiness demands. We should still remain attached to him, and his regard for us would not change, though circumstances would oblige him to separate himself from our family."

Three months after the divorce, Napoleon led Marie Louise to the throne from which he had forced the loving, faithful Josephine. In four years her fears were realized, and Napoleon saw himself hurled from power and banished from the country. Marie Louise abandoned him on the first alarm, fleeing to Austria with that dearly-purchased child, then three years old, who was to have perpetuated the glory of his name. The contrast between the conduct of Marie Louise and that of Josephine must have touched the heart of the fallen emperor. On hearing of his banishment, Josephine, with characteristic devotedness, would have followed him to the isle of Elba had she been permitted to do so. "Say but the word, and I depart," were almost the last words she ever wrote. She did not live to witness his sudden reappearance upon the soil of France: in five weeks her generous heart was silent in the grave.

THE TIMELY LESSON.

HERE is the story as Amy gave it me:

My Aunt Mary and I had been having a quiet, pleasant time in the parlor all to ourselves. Such hours were happy ones to me, for Aunt Mary always reminded me of the wise person representing the kingdom; she brought out of the treasures of her heart "things both new and old." You must know that she was a widowed sister of my father, who often came and spent weeks under our roof, and sometimes months. We were all glad to have her with us, and sorry when her visit terminated. She was a busy, quiet creature, always bearing a look of suffering back of her kind and loving ways.

While in the midst of our conversation, Walter Huntly and my sister Kate came in; he looking sad, and Kate flushed with excitement. They were newly married, and were just now making preparations for housekeeping. Kate was saying: "I will not put up with a common ingrain carpet; I must have Brussels or tapestry, for Allie Lewis has both;" and the beautiful mouth that uttered the words pouted. Yes, actually pouted, with the noble form of her husband standing by her, a tower of manliness and strength, with dark hair and whiskers, and bright black eyes, with such a look of love beaming from them. And she was the possessor of this great wealth of love, and yet wreathed her rosy lips into a pout because she wanted a nicer carpet than her husband thought they could afford now in the commencement of their housekeeping.

"I wish you would come with me, darling, and look at it," urged Walter, gently. "I think the pattern a lovely one. But, of course, if you do not like it, we need not purchase it."

"No, I will not look at it. I must have the Brussels or tapestry—either will do—that I selected yesterday," responded Kate, quite warmly.

"Then you will not come with me?"

Kate shook her head.

"Let the matter rest to-day. Perhaps you will both see clearer to-morrow," said Aunt Mary, who

had sat quietly plying her needle without speaking until now.

Walter bowed assent, and with his usual affectionate parting passed from the room.

"I do think it is too bad," said I to Aunt Mary in an undertone. "Walter is so kind to Kate, and yet she will persist in her selfish notions. Now, if I possessed the love of such a man, I would put up with a rag carpet."

"Or a bare floor," suggested Aunt Mary.

Meanwhile, Kate still sat pouting. Her dainty little foot was beating an impatient tune on the rocker of her easy chair.

Aunt Mary folded up her work and laid it carefully away. Then she came and looked over my shoulder a few moments out of the window upon the western sunset, and as the departing rays fell upon her face, I thought I never saw her look half so beautiful as now. She stood thus awhile, seeming to draw strength from the imposing scene; then partially closing the blind to ward off the rays that fell so brightly upon her, drew her chair close up to Kate's.

"Kate," she said, "do you know I had just such a disposition as you have when I was young?"

"You, aunty? Were you as proud and self-willed as I am?"

"Yes, dear. And I wanted nice carpets, a fine piano, and all sorts of rich furniture, when I first went to housekeeping, just as you do."

"Oh! did you aunty? Well, now I would not care so much, only Allie Lewis has just had her rooms furnished, and she has Brussels on her parlor floor, and tapestry on her sitting-room floor, both of the finest quality, too. She was my girl friend, you know; and now if I do not keep up with her in my new life, I fear a coldness will take place between us, perhaps estrangement altogether."

"I had girl friends I wished to emulate, too, Kate. That was my plea in those days."

"And did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes, dear. I will tell you about it," said Aunt Mary, in a mournful voice. "I was married when about your age to a worthy young man, not unlike your Walter, darling, in disposition. His eyes were blue, his face was fair, and hair of a light brown color. His income was not large, but I believe it was larger than Walter's is. When we were married, I was a young girl with but little experience, much pride and more selfishness. I was not willing to commence at the beginning with my husband, but, on the contrary, wished to be a little ahead of many that had struggled through a long life of labor. When we were to set up for housekeeping, I must have as fine a house as any of my associates had. Fine carpets, a new piano—my old one I thought not fit to grace my new home. My husband at first urged a plainer style of living; but finding my head and heart set to have them, his next plan was to try some way to obtain means to keep up expenses. This he did by overtaxing his strength. He was a lawyer by profession, and many nights did he work until the morning dawn, not even partaking of rest in sleep,

that he might gratify my selfish pride. The strain upon him was too much; his health began to give way. Oh, how bitterly did I lament my folly, when too late to make amends! When I found I was going to lose my heart's idol, what were my fine things to me in comparison? If I could only have had his health restored, I would have lived thankfully with him in the humblest home. I sold my fine furniture to procure medical aid—the best in the country. We traveled for the restoration of his health, all to no avail. I then found my husband's life was worth more to me than all else in the world. Awhile he seemed to revive; but disease had taken too deep a hold upon a system that might not have yielded but for the aforementioned overtaxation. A few more weeks of pain and suffering, and my darling passed out into the eternal sunset, and I was left to wait for weary years, with my yearning, widowed heart, on this side. May my dear, loving Katie take warning in time," said Aunt Mary, fondly kissing her.

Kate threw her arms around her and murmured: "Poor, dear Aunt Mary, how I pity you!"

The tears that had fallen during the recital had scarcely dried upon Kate's cheeks when her expectant eye caught the sight of Walter coming. She hastily ran out, and down the walk to meet him. And as the two came into the parlor, a few minutes after, with their arms twined about each other, looking inexpressibly happy, I thanked my Heavenly Father in my heart for Kate's timely lesson.

E. ELLEN CHERRY.

THE FUCHSIA.

MR. SHEPHERD, the well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, has given the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into English greenhouses and parlor windows.

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and said: "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No! and pray what was this phoenix like?"

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their color the richest crimson; in a centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth.

Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to the place, where he saw, and at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, "My good woman, this is a nice plant; I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir!"

"Here" (emptying his pockets), "here is gold, silver, copper" (his stock was something more than eight guineas).

"Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake."

"Alack, alack!"

"You shall, indeed."

A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into bark beds and hot-beds, were redivided and subdivided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came, "Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'Tis lovely. Its price?"

"A guinea; thank your ladyship;" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'Tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea. There was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated, as new-comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window in Wapping, the reward of the taste, decision, skill and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

WHEN you go forth upon business, consider with yourself what you have to do; and when you return examine what you have done.

A COUNTRY WEEK. WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART I.

"AND now," said Mrs. Asa, settling herself in Bluma Elberty's rustic rocker, and taking out a letter and a piece of crumpled paper, "disposing of my bit of gossip, I've something in reserve. Mrs. Turner has written to the postmaster, asking if the people in this vicinity cannot be persuaded to receive some of her children. He referred the matter to me, and I have taken the liberty of putting your name on a list of ten or a dozen families who will probably take two, or more, as the case may be."

"Mrs. Turner's children?" Bluma gave a start, a glance at the eight or ten farm-houses dotting a rolling landscape at respectful distances, then another upon Mrs. Asa's list, as if calculating the possible number of olive branches requiring such ample provision.

"Yes. Haven't you heard of the country week and Mrs. Turner, that kind-hearted lady who hunts up places for poor, weakly city children where they can have a good time, six, eight or ten days, free of charge?"

Bluma, her quaint little face all alive with interest, confessed her ignorance of the person and the plan.

After explaining and commenting at length, Mrs. Asa concluded: "Now, excepting Mrs. Critt and Grace, you are all alone in this old house with its barracks of rooms, and Noah's Arks of bedsteads and bedding, so, as I say, I took the liberty of putting down your name for two of these children."

Her listener's countenance having brightened more and more, fell at this point. She murmured something about this same Mrs. Critt.

"See here, Bluma, you're twenty-five years old; all your life you've been ridden over by Cyllinda and Diadema; now they're married and gone, assert yourself. Mrs. Critt is a faithful, old servant, it's true, but it won't do to let her and her son rule over you. Be your own mistress, let your name stay where I put it, and take the children in when they arrive."

They were set down on the porch one July evening just as the light of the summer's day crept up into the stars. A little girl some five or six years old, and a boy of three. The girl holding her brother's hand and a tiny bundle very tightly, gazed with eyes of gravest scrutiny into the bright, rather tumultuous sort of face bent upon her; the boy's glance roved everywhere in an undisguised delight that seemed ready to leap out and take possession of all it saw.

Bluma had had a hard battle with Mrs. Critt, but, stooping down and folding these small creatures in her arms, she felt they were worth it.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"I'm not a little girl, I'm an older sister," responded the mite. "My name's Media Harron, and he's Van Baun Harron. We call him Vannie."

She was so very shy, so self-distrusting, this Bluma

Elberty, this "Maiden whom there were none to praise," she felt uneasy even in the presence of these juvenile guests, yet what a fountain was stirred in her heart! From childhood up, Cyllinda and Diadema claimed the best, every way and where. They had even taken her dolls while they were new, relinquishing them only when too shabby for their purposes. Here, at last, was something she could love, in cunningest flesh and blood, too; something her very own, for a limited period, it is true, but she would not look ahead, the good was sufficient for the day. Very timidly her arm slid about the neck of the youngest.

"Vannie's going to stay with me and be a good boy, isn't he?" she said.

"No!" shaking the hundred and one curly rings on his head, "I'se bad boy," he answered.

It was just the stimulus Bluma needed. She laughed, and followed this up by doing something unheard of in her history. She opened the dismal, almost entirely unused dining-room, lighted the lamps, and spread a supper of bread and milk.

"You've got to wait on them every bit yourself," Mrs. Critt had declared.

She meant to do it generously. These were the first guests she had ever entertained in her life; the best the house afforded should be at their service. Setting out the quaint old china bowls, jingling the silver spoons, sounded like a declaration of independence. Every fresh move, every rattle and clink, had the ring of, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary." But—let me whisper it—determined opposition on the part of Mrs. Critt, or even eighteen-year-old, ungainly Grace, would, at this point in her career, have sent her back to the corner into which she had been pushed all her life. Mrs. Critt, being too loyal a serving-woman to inaugurate any such movement, contented, or discontented herself, growling to Grace on the back porch, until a scream from Bluma sent her flying to the scene of that strange "new departure." Vannie had prattled some about papa and mamma, taken a spoonful or two of bread and milk, then turned as white as his little apron, and would have toppled over had not his alarmed hostess just saved him.

In every-day relations, Mrs. Critt was a very grim personage, but you didn't, after all, have to go up many pairs of stairs in her heart to find "The door on which was written, *woman*." However, her young lady was yet to make this discovery.

"They didn't bring him out a day too soon to save him," muttered the ancient dame, disrobing the frail body carefully. "All but his face, he's a bunch of bones. You, I suspect," giving Media a glance, "are in the same condition."

"I'm growing so fast," replied the little girl, gravely.

"H'm!" grunted Mrs. Critt, a dull gleam of humor flashing from her eye. "I'd like to know what size they are about six in your town when they don't grow."

The children passed a comfortable night, but next

morning there was no mistake about it, little Van was ill.

"It's been working on him some time," said Dr. Mahn, whom Bluma immediately summoned. "However, he is just in the right place, and under the right circumstances. We'll soon pull him through."

From first to last there were no alarming symptoms; yet when a day or two went by without a decided change for the better, Bluma wrote to ask the committee's advice on the subject of sending for the parents. They, knowing the circumstances of the family and the nature of the child's illness, assured her there was no need for this step. Still, Bluma Elberty could not rest satisfied. Being advised to "assert" herself, having done so, and tasting the flavor of independence, her next step was a bold one. She obtained the necessary address, and sent the money to pay Mrs. Harron's traveling expenses. Mr. Harron came—a thin-faced, sad-eyed man of thirty, who brightened wonderfully at sight of little Van able to sit up, and going wild over a colt brought from the meadow for his especial benefit.

"Here are the kisses mamma sent," he said, clasping the girl and boy in his arms. "And here are the kisses Annie and Tommie sent, and Pettie sent."

Coupling their several names with their several kisses, he dealt them out generously, the shadow lifting more and more from his face, but never from his eyes. Bluma looked on with a deep, mysterious aching in her breast, for which she could in no way account.

"Have you other children?" she asked.

It was the only question in regard to his family relations she ventured to put.

"No," was the answer; those he mentioned lived in the same house they occupied.

After this, they all went to the orchard, Media holding Vannie in a wheel-barrow, which their father trundled, and which brimmed over with quilts and pillows.

Born and raised among grain-fields and orchards, Bluma Elberty's eyes were somewhat dulled to their infinite beauty and variety. Seeing this man's gaze wander and dilate over the prospect, she seemed to read new meanings in it, to be becoming, for the first time, acquainted with it. Certainly—although without any sharp contrasts of scene or color—that landscape stretching beneath the summer's sun, those fruit-breathing orchard aisles, were very charming.

Grace was there pottering around and complaining over the beggarly yield. Mr. Harron, saying he had been raised in a fruit-growing section, mentioned some defection, some remedy.

It was the opportunity Bluma unconsciously desired. She had so yearned over this man with the unshed tears in his eyes, so longed to do something for him, and could think of nothing.

"You are out of employment, I understand," she said, hurriedly. "If you will stay here and give Grace some instruction, I shall take it as a very great favor."

Mr. Harron wore a seedy suit and mended boots,

but he was every inch a gentleman, and, up to this critical moment, possessed a singularly easy, pleasant manner. It was odd, then, to see him all of a sudden turn as verdant as his hostess and almost stammer a reply.

"I thought we were to go home to-morrow," he said. "The children's week is up."

Blackest bewilderment came over the golden day. Bluma Elberty could only extend entreating hands, and utter some brief, incoherent protest.

"If I can be of service—" He paused, again a victim to an unaccountable embarrassment.

The matter was settled without either knowing exactly how—Mr. Harron painfully conscious of needing the air, the abundant, wholesome food; Bluma feeling that, come what might, she could not part with these children, this sad-eyed father. Any way, not on such short notice. Hers was a clinging nature. Years before, when her gentle mother faded and died, affection's tendrils entwined around the stern father and elder sisters. Secretly, of course, they would have scorned any outward manifestation; especially from this source. After her father went the way of all flesh, every thought and interest centered in Cylinda and Diadema. She was proud of the accomplishments of the one, the beauty of the other, and quite content to see her individual rush-light dimmed before the brilliancy of their superior attainments.

Both were married two months previous to the opening of this story, leaving the old homestead, and flouting Bluma to the very last. She, poor thing, sincerely grieved after them, humbly wishing she had been worthy of their love, and hoping some day to become worthy of a nearer love.

PART II.

ROTH HARRON remained; for what purpose, the mistress of the manse would have found it difficult to decide. As to defining his position on the farm, that was entirely out of the question. Enough for her that he seemed to be occupied, that the hollows filled up in his cheeks, the shadows fell away from his face, and that the brown eyes at times almost laughed. Enough that the dull procession of her twenty-five years broke ranks and scattered in disorder, leaving her a new-made soul in a newly-created world.

Rose and amber sunsets and sunrises, mingled tints in the landscape, troops of cloud-shadows, purple distances, fruit-laden boughs, low of cattle, wings overhead, pipings in the grass—all, all were as fresh, as wonderful, as though up to that hour she had been deaf and blind. For the first time in her life she associated with those whose eyes were quick to behold loveliness in earth, air, sky, and rejoice over it.

Although Mr. Harron's educational advantages had, like Bluma's, been restricted, he made the most of his limited opportunities, and studied nature with lover-like assiduity. Consequently, he held a key to treasures hitherto undreamed of by his hostess.

Even Media and little Van could enlighten her regarding the habits of some tiny creature or flower she had walked over and never saw before.

Never a beauty, never capable of becoming one under any circumstances, still these novel experiences wrought out an undreamed-of charm in the expectant face under the nut-brown hair. It grew radiant, not with a possible, but with a very present bliss—the bliss of being beloved. True, they were only the eyes of little children watching her coming, delaying her goings; only the arms of little children clinging about her; yet, had the whole round globe risen to embrace her—the population of it, I mean—she could have felt no purer joy. Beside these things, there were the noonings on the old-fashioned porch, and the gatherings together in the delicious summer dark. The readings, talks, little jests, romps, laughter. Watching the play of Mr. Harron's features, listening to his genial conversation, often and often poor hungry-hearted Bluma Elberty found herself wishing with all her might he had a brother like himself, and that Heaven had made him for her.

When they went away, as they did at the close of the third week, this fond little woman starved after them soul and body. Mr. Harron, seeing his son fully recovered, confident that he himself had earned his board during his short stay, and feeling tolerably sure that at that season, and under that particular management, he could be of no further use, was inexorable. He left, taking Media and Van Baun with him.

No need to dwell upon Bluma's utter loneliness. Suffice to say, she had nothing to do but be lonely. Nobody had considered her of sufficient account to teach her anything, or even allowed her to learn anything. Consequently, there was no refuge from sorrow and solitude, not even in embroidering green-eyed poodles, or working a motto. So rapid had been her development from a breathing machine to warm, palpitating womanhood, it did not take her long to get desperate. First she resolved on going West and seeing Cyllinda; next she decided on visiting New York and Diadema; and finally made up her mind—she may as well have done this in the first place—to come into the city—after the children, of course; but all the while there was also present with, and influencing her, a vision of a brown-eyed, brown-haired man, so like Roth Harron he might have been his brother.

I must pass over the shrinking timidity with which she ventured on this her first trip to the city alone. Suffice to say, when she reached this entanglement of streets and bewilderment of passenger-cars, she almost wished herself under the Cyllinda and Diadema wings again. However, without either adventure or misadventure, she arrived safely at the narrow court, or place, where dwelt the Harrons. Imagine her amazement on finding Mr. Asa there in close conversation with Roth Harron.

Her welcome was even warmer than she anticipated. After a regular cannonade of kisses and siege of embraces from Media and Vannie, she was intro-

duced to "My sister-in-law, Mrs. Harron;" also to Annie, Tommie and Pettie.

He had a brother, then, but he was married, too!

"And where is your wife, Mr. Harron?" said Bluma, afraid Mr. Asa might think her visit improper, since there was a man in the case, and awkwardly anxious to set herself right. "Am I not to see her?"

Again Mr. Harron turned as verdant as herself, if not more so.

"Have you not heard? Is it possible you do not know—" He stopped suddenly.

Poor Bluma flamed and twisted as though fire had somehow got about her.

"How could I?" she retorted, taking in the situation at once, and resenting it. "The children talked about their mother, and you sent a postal card to Mrs. Miami Harron."

"That is my name," replied the pleasant-faced sister-in-law. "After his wife died, he came to us. Vannie was a year old then; so was my Pettie. Hearing mine call me mamma, it was natural the little things should take it up. When they got older we tried to break them of it; but, do our best, the nearest they could come was An' Amma. If you take notice, you'll find that is what they, what we all say. Media remembers her mother, but you can't get her to talk about her."

This was all right and reasonable; but one individual chose not to think so.

Terribly afraid that she had unconsciously betrayed too warm an interest in this Roth Harron, a prey to the most painful embarrassment, and foolishly eager to prove herself above angling for a husband, our poor, untutored little woman straightway proceeded to make herself ridiculous.

Two hours later, reviewing the scene under the shadow of her own roof-tree, Bluma knew what a regular goose she had proved herself, and thought how grand in contrast was Roth Harron's conduct.

As for this gentleman, he could in no way rid himself of the vision of that tender, turbulent face. Perfectly innocent of intentional concealment, he had gladly trusted his pet lambs in the committee's hands, had received from his sister-in-law the card directed simply to Mrs. Harron, stating that "the little boy is ill," and had obeyed the summons in person, without even so much as suspecting a mistake. Seeing comparatively little of his hostess during his short stay, and having so many pleasant things to talk about when he did see her, he unthinkingly ignored the fact of his being a "widdy man."

As for Mr. Asa, he treated the affair as one of the hugest jokes of the season, and laughed so heartily all the way home, Bluma was kept in a state of continual perturbation. He and his wife had taken a great fancy to Mr. Harron, and having on one or two occasions succeeded in persuading him to spend an evening at their house, had got at his history, and determined to keep it to themselves as long as possible.

My heroine's discomfiture became complete on learning that her neighbor had hopes of satisfactorily concluding certain arrangements which would bring the Harron families in their immediate vicinity.

Not many days afterward, Mrs. Asa called on Bluma, announcing their expected arrival.

"You can see from here the house they will occupy. Rothermel's old place."

"Will they be that near?"

"Yes. Isn't it nice? I've inquired particularly, and found out all about them. They're splendid folks; far above their present station. Mr. Harron's brother is as noble as himself. There's a chance for them here, and we must all be neighborly and help them to rise."

Leaving her friend to reflect on the subject thus presented, Mrs. Asa—born match-maker as she was, and having experienced the dread of failure in this shy maid's case—went her way, smiling secretly over an anticipated success.

After due deliberation, Bluma Elberty endeavored to take these people's residence in her neighborhood, the visits of the children, an occasional meeting or occasional call from their father, quite as a matter of course. Succeeding by degrees, she even accepted certain friendly attentions from Mr. Harron, and herself volunteered certain timid overtures.

As for the gentleman in question, he shortly became aware of being more alarmingly in love than he had ever been in his life before. For a few weeks he was absolutely led away. He sang a love song to Miss Elberty, slipped a red rose out of her nut-brown hair, and asked her to walk one moonlight night. The next thing he wouldn't go near her.

The story I am telling opened in the summer of 'seventy-seven. Our beautiful autumn and genial winter slipped around without bringing any change. Bluma went into company more, and acquired a certain amount of experience, which lent additional grace to her manner, but her color fled, and that aforesaid expectant look returned to her features. Not as of old, in anticipation of happiness to come, but as if in search of something lost which had been her very own.

At the same time Miss Elberty sought society more and more, Mr. Harron retired from it.

"I'm satisfied now that he loves her for herself, and not for what she has, or what he thinks she has," said Mrs. Asa. "Now I'm going to put in my master-stroke."

She followed up this intention one beautiful afternoon in June of the summer just gone. Roth was working alone on her husband's new carriage-house. Strolling down that way, she stopped to talk. Across a stretch of greensward, and visible through a little patch of verdure, was Bluma walking in her garden, with a scarlet shawl about her and a knot of white roses on her breast. It did not take many minutes to bring her name into the conversation. Mrs. Asa—who, of course, introduced it—regretted the farm's running to waste for want of proper management.

"She has only a life-interest in it, and shares the

profits with her sisters. Really, if things go on in this way, the poor thing will be beggared."

"I thought she owned everything exclusively," answered Mr. Harron, light coming into his eyes, a dark red starting out on his cheeks.

"You were mistaken; and if something isn't done soon, her sisters' husbands will insist on selling out. Aside from this, she has only three hundred a year from her grandfather's estate. That won't keep her. There goes your little ones, and Annie and Tommie. I think I shall go over, too. If she wants them to stay to tea—and I'm sure she will—I'll tell her you'll come after them."

Mrs. Asa's master-stroke told. All that was grand and noble in Roth Harron's nature stirred and burned at thought of the trials to which Miss Elberty might be subjected if left alone, unaided. Perhaps she could not love him; but, loving her wholly and entirely as he did, it was his duty, as well as his dear privilege, to throw around her, if possible, the shield of his protecting tenderness.

You may be sure the children stayed to tea, and that he went over after them. He asked Bluma to walk home with himself and them, promising to come back with her.

"Little Red Riding-hood?" cried Media and Vannie, when she draped her scarlet zephyr shawl about her head previous to starting out.

They were justified in declaring a resemblance. Certainly, although the face under the scarlet snood was considerably older than that of the child's with the wolf-devoured grandmother, still there was a wonderful likeness. When, that self-same night, it drooped under the warmth of a lover's eyes, then lifted to receive a lover's kiss, it was as innocent, as rarely sweet, as anything you can imagine.

This last August two little creatures, Media and Vannie, called the old house home, and yet there was room for four of "Mrs. Turner's children." The "country week" becomes a regular institution.

"No longer Bluma, but Blossom, from this day forth, since through you the time of flowers and singing-birds is come to our lives," was murmured one night under the summer stars. "Now what name have you for me?"

There was the tightening pressure of two arms, and a soft voice answered with one word; it was, "*Husband.*"

MADGE CARROL.

THE VALUE OF AN APPLE-TREE.—A lady who had taken some pains to establish an infants' school, planted in the garden apple-trees. When she collected subscriptions toward the cost of the school, this item of apple-trees created some surprise. "Still," said one, "apple-trees! Ah! a proper thing, and the children will have nice apples to eat." "No, friend," said the collector, "they are not to eat." "Oh, for puddings! Ah! better still; a very good plan." "No, 'tisn't for puddings neither." "No!" said the subscriber; "what then?" "It is to teach them to resist temptation."

WINNIFRED'S "WAYS AND MEANS."

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

IT was discouraging to begin with—the holidays approaching, dividends not coming in, and the "times" making people grow wrinkled and old with worry and fret. The plump little roll of greenbacks in Winnifred Dyke's usually well-filled pocket-book was rapidly growing slimmer and slimmer as Christmas drew near.

"Actually, I'll not have enough money left to buy a box of *bonbons* round, if things keep on at this rate!" exclaimed Winnifred, reading a note from her brother Julius, who was her treasurer.

"I cannot send you any more money until the middle of January," ran the note. "You will have to economize; the company is paying nothing, and the times are fearful."

"What shall I do?" continued Winnifred. "It is all very well to talk economy, but how is one to practice it? There is Madame Despard's dress-bill" (and a plump little hand with white dimpled fingers told off the list), "Miss Carmalita's millinery-bill, Hoyt's stationery, Burt's shoes; they *must* be paid. And then, oh dear! I'd like to know where Krisa Kringle is to come in after that" and two crooked little lines made their appearance between Winnifred's bright brown eyes as she soliloquized over her troubles. The lines did not remain long, however, for they were suddenly smoothed out with a smile and a merry laugh, as she exclaimed again: "I have it! A brilliant idea has struck me! I'll invest what money I have in material, make a lot of things to sell before Christmas, and *earn* my holiday capital; then I can buy all I want to for presents for Julius, auntie and the girls. How Julius will stare when I tell him that I improvised 'ways and means,' like the man in Congress, for the situation! How perfectly lovely it will be! Let me see," and down went the brown head in deep calculation, "what shall I make? I might paint some fans—they always sell at fairs—cover some old Japanese affairs with dainty colored silk, and paint birds and vines on them. No, I meant to do some of those for individual gifts, and I won't 'flood the market,' I'll have recourse to the needle, rather; it is so essentially womanly to earn money with the needle. I can quote Hood all day, 'Stitch, stitch, stitch.' How jolly it will be. And, beside, needle-work is a royal sort of pastime; queens have worn their eyes away with it. I will at once embroider some beautiful things that shall be immediately sold at good prices, and I shall have a mint of money for my own purchases. Talk about the pen being mightier than the sword—it is the needle, rather! And so, Mr. Julius," Winnifred ended her cogitations, with a low curtesy to her brother's letter, which lay on the floor, "you shall see that, in spite of the hobgoblin hard times with which you wish to scare me into economy, I shall fairly revel in spending Christmas money!"

Flushed with the fever of these resolutions, Miss

Winnifred Dyke, not long after her reverie, might have been seen flitting in and out of a number of down-town stores, with pink cheeks and bright eyes, matching silks, sorting worsteds and selecting pretty *cretonne* patterns for her stock in trade. She stopped in one or two large establishments on her way home, and asked if they would like to purchase any handsome embroideries for Christmas time. The storekeepers looked at her a little curiously, and replied that she might bring any she had and they would decide.

Having made up her mind that she would reveal her little plan of "ways and means" to no one, Winnifred gave out to her aunt and cousins with whom she lived, that she would not go "out" for a week or so to any entertainment or reception; she was tired of dissipation, and wanted rest, she explained; and in that way she secured undisturbed silence and secrecy for her work. Accordingly, like Elaine, she left the table after each meal, and "High in her chamber, up a tower to the east," she sat, day after day, fashioning pretty, intricate patterns in floss and flannel, silk and satin, worsted and wools, until, as the time drew near Christmastide, both aunt and cousins noticed that Winnifred began to lose her appetite, and look pale and ill.

"What is the matter, Winnie? Your eyes are heavy, and you look wretched. Your rest is not benefiting you," said her aunt, as Winnifred came listlessly down to her luncheon. "Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," laughed Winnifred, "only my head aches back of my eyes. I've been—mending and sewing—a little."

"You take too little exercise, dear; you sit too much in your room; you want the out-door air—"

"I shall go out every day after this week. I have some shopping to do, and that is exercise, you know," laughingly interrupted Winnifred, with the thought of the business she had in prospect.

By the last of November, all of the articles she had so diligently been engaged upon were finished; and in spite of severe pains in her back, and a constant ache in her shoulders and eyes, and a continual throb in her head, Winnifred was very happy, because she was satisfied with what she had accomplished.

It did all look very pretty, to be sure, spread out on the bed, a mass of brilliant color, sheeny satin and glistening silk, soft wools and dainty ribbons. Winnifred contemplated it with a smile and a decided little nod of satisfaction.

"But it will never do to peddle my wares in seal-skin and velvet," she laughed to herself when dressing to go down town with her "goods for sale." "I must array myself more becomingly." So she donned a plain blue waterproof costume, tied a blue veil down over her face and hat, and with umbrella, and her bundle in a shawl-strap, sallied forth one stormy morning to "make money."

"How curious I feel. The idea of asking people to buy my work!" she thought, as she entered the first store.

It was quite early; almost too early for people to

be in a good humor, it appeared, for the shopkeepers were very curt and cross. "They did not wish anything." "They were not buying at present." "Ladies usually did such work themselves" (with an emphasis on the "ladies," and a look at the waterproof and veil), "and they did not care for working-women's designs." "They had materials for sale for such work, but *bought* none."

How discouraging and depressing it all was! Oh, what did the poor girls do who were obliged to earn their daily bread in this manner! It was merely a little masquerade on her part, this trying to sell needle-work. How terrible the bare truth of such lives must be! These new-born thoughts were strange to Winnifred; she had never realized before what girls of her own age might suffer.

After walking up one street and down another until she was ready to drop with fatigue, Winnifred finally disposed of her articles at wonderfully lower prices than she had anticipated, and found she had just fifty cents over and above what the bare materials for her work had cost her! Fifty cents, and a headache, a sharp pain between her shoulders, and a dull throb in her tired eyes, and a humiliating feeling of disappointment and disgraceful defeat of her project in her heart. If she had only been contented to give a "box of *bonbons*" all round, and kept her perfect health and happy heart! Oh dear, it was too mortifying!

All these uncomfortable thoughts, to say nothing of an uncomfortably empty stomach, which was putting in a protest against her utter oblivion of its wants and rights all day, conspired to make Winnifred very pale and weak; and suddenly feeling faint, she had just time to reach a corner drug store, enter and seat herself, when in answer to the clerk's question as to what she would have, Winnifred swayed to and fro, and fell forward in a swoon. When she recovered, by the aid of restoratives which the gentlemanly clerk had at once administered, she congratulated herself that she had been the only occupant of the store at the time of her exhaustion, having a horror of being the heroine of a "scene," and was just wondering how she should explain her illness to him and get home, when the store door was opened, and young Dr. Paxon, her latest admirer, and most favored of all her suitors, entered.

"Why, Miss Dyke! you out alone, and so late!" he exclaimed. "Is any one ill?"

"I believe I am. I have been shopping, and was fatigued and stopped here, and fainted. What time is it?" faltered Winnifred.

"It is after eight, and very dark."

"Oh, dear!" and Winnifred laughed, and then looked so distressed, and gave such evident signs of hysteria, that the doctor declared she should put herself into his hands professionally, and ordered valetian, and called a carriage to take her home at once.

On their way, she confessed to Dr. Paxon the whole matter; how she had devised "ways and means" for earning some Christmas money, and failed.

"And I am glad I have had no success. It was a cruel, *mean* 'way,'" she concluded. "I had no right to interfere in the working-woman's field of labor; what little sum I might have obtained, if my needle-work had brought its true worth, would have only been a taking away of just so much from some poor girl who needs it more than I. We girls with homes and incomes have no right to take, as a trifling addition to our 'pocket-money,' what girls without homes and bread, *save what they earn*, are justly entitled to. I have seen things so differently since I started out this morning, doctor; why, there has been a heavy veil lifted from before my eyes, and though what I have had but a glimpse of was a dark side of the world's picture, it has illuminated *my* perspective. As long as I live, I will never enter the lists against the working class again. I will try all I can to help them; never will I sell, or try to, at least!" and a nervous little sob put a period to Winnifred's peroration.

"Did you realize a large sum, Miss Winnifred?" asked the doctor.

The dark hid the hot blush that dyed Winnifred's shamed face as she replied with a quivering little laugh that bordered on a cry: "Fifty cents, and a dreadful headache!"

"*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*," quoted the doctor, pulling at his moustache to hide a smile at the ludicrous pathos of Winnifred's voice and words.

"No, it was a 'dear whistle,' except that it will serve as a lesson. You see, I earned fifty cents; out of that I shall have to pay a little amount at the druggist's, my carriage hire, to say nothing of a doctor's bill!"

A street-lamp near by shone into the carriage now, and showed upon Winnifred's pale face the dawn of her old coquettish smile once more. Dr. Paxon made no reply to these words, but he said to himself: "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me!" And later in the season, when he sent in his bill for "professional services to Miss Dyke," the affair was settled satisfactorily to both parties; and it was not paid out of the sum Winnifred earned by her needle, either; it was a sort of "word of mouth" liquidation, and gratifying and conclusive.

A slight attack of fever followed Winnifred's "long day of Christmas shopping;" but she was sufficiently recovered to laughingly confess to her aunt and brother, when she gave them her little gifts Christmas morning, the story of her plan of "ways and means," and its failure.

"Just like a woman for all the world!" cried Julius, with a superior masculine smile.

"Exactly," said Dr. Paxon, who was also present. "The plan sprung from the kindly feelings of a woman's warm heart; and even if it was a failure in the execution, that woman will profit by its loss. Julius, your sister has had a faint glimpse of what girls outside the pales of comfortable homes and living are obliged to contend with in order to earn their daily bread, and with that knowledge she will influence all those of her friends *inside* of that happy circle here-

after to abstain from entering the lists with these unfortunate sisters in the sale of fancy and other needle-work. It is all well enough to make those pretty little affairs for individual gifts, but when it comes to making a market of them, and competing with those who need the money, it is unfair. Winnifred has atoned for the little wrong she even did them in her trifling way, by a generous gift to the Working-girls' Home—"

"And this is the way you meet the great 'labor question,' is it, Winnie?" interrupted Julius.

"Yes, by allowing the working women to have a free field for the sale of their wares. That is now Winnifred's 'ways and means.'" G. DE B—.

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

ONE day the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and the school of the prophets.

Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand. The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths, and discoursed right eloquently; they told of many things. The eyes of the queen shone like dewdrops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossoms. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mein. He told of wondrous cities in far-off lands; how the sun scalds the dew in Sahara; how it forsakes the chill north for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place; he spoke of the fleets that go down to the sea; he told how they weave wax at Tyrus, spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Oroba, and the linen in Egypt that endures the fire; he spoke of fleets, of laws, the art that makes men happy.

"Truly, he is wise," said the king. "But let others speak."

Another came forth; he was young in years, his cheek was burning with enthusiasm, the fire of genius shone in his eye like the day star when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the works of the great One; told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew of autumn, to freshen the late river that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the eagle, the mule; he knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance the frolic round about their heads. He sang in liquid softness of the daughters of air who melt the heaven into song; he rose to the stars, spoke of old chaos, of the world, the offering of love. He spoke of the stars, the crown, Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the star of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the king; "to him belongs the prize."

But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but comely and snow white. The seal of labor was on his hand; the dust of travel covered his sandals. His beard, long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lip. His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns in still devotion before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd's staff in the gay court, a blush like a girl's stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the king.

"I have nothing to say," exclaimed the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage."

And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of El-Shaddai I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man."

Then he began: "My study is myself; my acts, my sentiment. I learn how frail I am; I of myself can know nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all; I can do all." Then he spoke of his glees, his glooms and his hopes; his aspirations, his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is ALL IN ALL, he bowed his face and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself; he is the wisest. The spirit of the Holy is in him."

"Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward, he knows God, he sees the All of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself—I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

HEARING SERMONS.

A WOMAN in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth.

"Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homewards after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!"

"Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

THE STRIKE AT TIVOLI: AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

CHAPTER VII.

AS Mrs. Farrington retired from the superintendent's office, Peter Glenn, at the head of a committee from the new organization of strikers, came in. The general drift of what transpired at the interview that followed, will be seen hereafter. Its immediate effect was a long communication from the superintendent to the board of directors, in which he urged, for reasons fully stated, a recall of his last instructions, and their presence in Tivoli with as little delay as possible.

Mr. Thorne had mailed his letter, and, on returning from the post-office, had taken his way along one of the streets that led into the neighborhood of the corporation tenant-houses. As he drew near that wretched quarter, he noticed a larger number of people abroad than usual, and also many evidences of excitement. Men and women stood in little groups, talking earnestly, some in high-pitched voices, and with violent gesticulations. In front of the two long rows of unsightly dwellings, which were the disgrace of the company, the yards and streets were swarming with people, who were, as Mr. Thorne came upon the scene, beginning to move toward a common centre, where the voice of a man could be heard rising above the babel of sound that filled the air. Pressing forward in the direction they were going, the superintendent soon came near enough to the point of attraction to recognize the face and peculiar speech of Black Andy, who, standing on a door-step, had just commenced an intemperate harangue. The words that first reached Mr. Thorne's ears were, "Death to all traitors!" To which the crowd responded in threatening and indignant cries.

What this meant was no riddle to the superintendent. He felt a shudder in the air, as if violence and murder were in the effort to get free.

"Death to all traitors, I say!" rang out again, and in louder tones.

The response was fiercer than before.

"We know 'em, every one! And we know Pete Glenn, the arch divil of 'em all! Me curse on him for a turncoat and a betrayin' villain! And it's more nor a broken arm he'll have before I'm done wid him! He's jist bin an' sold yez all out to the superintendent, and y'r to be turned into the street, ye are, wid nary a shelter for y'r heads, to die in the wet and cold like dogs—ivery man, woman and child of yez! It's all leaked out, and I've got the whole story."

Mr. Thorne saw the peril of the moment. He knew the power held by this man over the minds of the more ignorant, desperate and besotted in the crowd which was closing thickly about him. A single word might kindle riot into a flame; and he had no doubt of Andy's intention to utter that potent word if he could find it.

The superintendent had grown, in his long inter-

course with a class of thriftless, complaining and ever dissatisfied work-people, into a hard and unsympathizing man. But he was brave, had great decision of character, and a self-asserting power that held weaker minds under control.

As Andy Sullivan closed the last sentence, a hand was laid upon him, and Mr. Thorne stood by his side. The movement was so sudden and so unexpected, that Andy was disconcerted; and before he could recover himself, the voice of the superintendent was ringing out in clear, calm and emphatic sentences.

"And so have I," he said, "and I'll tell you all about it."

A sudden hush fell upon the crowd, so that the voice of the speaker was distinctly heard by every one. He did not give time for any reaction from the first surprise, but kept right on.

"I'm afraid there *has* been some selling out. A great deal of it, in fact, if one may judge from the wretched condition in which you all stand to-day. Good clothes, good furniture, a plentiful supply of wholesome food, and comfort and contentment, all gone. And where? Who has wrested all these from you, and sold you out to poverty, wretchedness and despair? Was it Peter Glenn? Will Andy Sullivan dare to say that? Yes, you have been betrayed and sold out! Shall I tell you by whom?"

A pause, with a profound silence, in which Andy threw up his hands for attention, and made a motion to speak. But Mr. Thorne was too quick for him.

"You have been sold out by the whisky-men. These are they who have taken the bread from your children's mouths, and the clothing from their backs, and even the health from your bodies, and left you in such misery and destitution that the hearts of all but your robbers and enslavers ache when they see your sorrowful condition. What hope, what help is there for you? None, while you remain where Andy Sullivan would have you remain—sold out to the whisky-men! Suppose the mills were to start to-morrow, and the corporation were to pay the advance in wages you have asked for, what good would come to you while you continue to be the slaves and vassals of the whisky-men? None whatever! They would only get so much the more of your hard-earned wages on which to dress up their wives and children, while yours went in rags and dirt!"

Andy broke in here and made an effort to speak; but a dozen voices cried out for Mr. Thorne, who continued: "And now about your being turned into the street to die like dogs. Let me tell you what I think it more than likely the corporation will do with its tenant-houses. The president and board of directors will be here in a day or two, when this whole matter of the strike will be settled. I do not think any higher wages will be paid; for I do not see, as the market now stands, how an advance is possible. In taking back hands, we shall be governed, I think, by the habits and character of those who apply for work. We shall select the sober and industrious, and reject those who drink and waste

their money in dram-shops, and let them find work somewhere else. As for Corporation Row, I think the company will put all the houses in good repair, inside and out, and make them fit for decent people to live in, and that it will require its new tenants, none of whom will be drinking men and women, to keep their dwellings, both within and without, in a clean and orderly condition. I shall recommend the planting of trees on the streets before the houses, and vines and shrubbery in every little garden. What Corporation Row once was, I shall try, under favor of the directors, to have it again; a beauty spot in Tivoli, and not an unsightly thing; the pleasant homes of contented and well-to-do people, who can live comfortably, and lay by something every week; and who, when they feel called upon to strike, will be in no danger of mistaking their friends for their enemies."

Here Andy tried to break in again, but Mr. Thorne said: "A word or two more, and then Andy can have his say. I want to tell you something about a new strike in Tivoli. Have you heard of it? If not, 'tis time you had. The backbone of the old strike is nearly broken. Its chief strength lies in whisky; and that is a shattered reed that pierces all who lean upon it. The new strike rests on temperance, industry, thrift and economy. It is not a strike for more wages, but against the robbers of wages. Not against the cotton-mills, but against the whisky-mills. It is a strike for better homes, better food, better clothing, clearer heads and happier hearts. More than a hundred names of your fellow-workmen are already enrolled among these new strikers, and hourly the list is swelling. Will you join in this new strike or go down with the old one when it falls, as fall it must? Did you ever stop to think what the old strike really meant? Let me tell you. It meant—not better times, for you and your wives and children; but more money and better times for the saloon-keepers. You are on this strike, and enduring all these dreadful privations for them, and not for yourselves."

"It's all a decavin' lie!" roared Andy, who had caught sight of half a dozen men coming in along the edge of the crowd from the direction of Tom Maguire's tavern—evil-looking fellows, on whom he could count in any desperate emergency. "Y'r under his cursed heel, and he'll grind yez to powder!"

"Hurrah for Black Andy!" rose in a passionate shout from the new-comers, who pressed eagerly forward through the crowd in the direction of the spot where the tall figure of Superintendent Thorne stood firmly erect, his face showing not a sign of weakness or fear.

With almost telegraphic quickness had the news of what was going on in the neighborhood of Corporation Row spread through the town, and people began moving hurriedly in that direction. All good citizens felt it to be an hour of peril. Men's passions were up; made hotter and blinder in too many instances by the fiery streams poured down their throats by the keepers of nearly forty drinking houses, most of whom were now upon the scene of

excitement, and deeply interested spectators of what was passing.

The cry of "Hurrah for Black Andy!" was instantly responded to by cries of "Hurrah for Superintendent Thorne!" "Down with the whisky-men!" "Down with the wages-robbers!" "Hurrah for the new strike!"

These were soon drowned by yells of "Hang the traitors!" "Clean them out!" "Where's Pete Glenn?" "Go for Thorne!"

But the superintendent stood so stern and unflinching, like the iron man he was when roused to defiance, that none felt brave enough to move upon him with intent of violence.

"Yes," he cried, sending out his clear voice ringing with scorn and indignation, "it is all true what Andy Sullivan has said about your being under an accursed heel! But he's made a mistake about the owner of the heel! It belongs, not to the superintendent of the Commonwealth Mills, but to the superintendent of your whisky-mills! Who is he? Does any of you know him? Will Andy Sullivan give you his name? Grinding you to powder! yes, Andy, never did you say a truer word! Under the tread of this pitiless iron heel, what has not been broken, and crushed, and ground into worthless atoms? And still you and your new patron, Tom Maguire, who is supplying you and a dozen others with money to hold out in the strike—"

A storm of yells and curses filled the air and drowned the superintendent's voice. Tom Maguire, almost livid with rage, made a dash forward, closely followed by a dozen savage fellows ready for any violence. He had reached within a few rods of where Mr. Thorne was standing, when a wall of men was thrown up between him and the superintendent with the quickness of thought, and he found his way barred. He had moved back a pace, and was gathering himself for a spring against the barrier, when suddenly, as if he had been shot, there came a look of surprise and fear in his face. His hands fell weakly, and he stood cowed and almost terror-stricken. Superintendent Thorne had only called out in a quick, interrogating voice, the name of "Phil Haggerty!"

"Let me tell you about this Phil Haggerty," he went on, taking advantage of the moment. "I think it very likely that some of you may remember the fact of his sentence to the State's prison a few years ago. The whole story was in the newspapers. Phil had been a prize-fighter, and afterward the keeper of a cock-pit and dog-fighting den in New York. Yes, and of even worse places. The police took him in hand one day, and didn't let him go until they landed him at Sing Sing, where he was made of service in cutting stone, or weaving, or something else that was useful, for a certain term of years, and then turned out to prey upon and curse the people again. I am sorry to have to say that Phil Haggerty made his way to Tivoli, and set up a drinking saloon; but, unhappily for some of you, forgot his real name, and instead, called himself—. No, I will not now

tell you what he called himself. That will depend very much on the way he conducts himself hereafter, which must be something very different from what his conduct has been in the past. Such men curse the people wherever they go. Virtue, honor, industry, thrift, peace, happiness, all perish in their baleful presence. Since Phil Haggerty has been amongst you, he has done more to corrupt and deprave your growing-up sons, than any score of evil men in town; and more to make bad husbands out of good ones, and idlers and drunkards out of temperate and industrious workmen."

By this time a deep, ominous silence had fallen upon the vast crowd, in which surprise, indignation and anger were beginning to gain force.

"What say you, then?" demanded the superintendent. "Shall it be three cheers for Phil Haggerty?"

A murmur of disapprobation, mingled with groans and execrations, ran through the assembly.

"Or, three cheers for the whisky-men!"

Louder groans and deeper execrations.

"Or, three cheers for the new strike!"

Instantly the air was filled with deafening cheers, and cries of "Hurrah for Superintendent Thorne!" "Hurrah for the new strike!" "Down with the whisky-mills!" "Where's Phil Haggerty?" "Where's the jail-bird?" "Run him out of town!" "Lynch him!"

For a little while the excitement was intense. Long ere this, Black Andy, who was standing beside Mr. Thorne when he began speaking of Phil Haggerty, had disappeared from sight, and made his way out of the crowd. But the superintendent kept his place. He had roused the passions of a rough and undisciplined multitude, and must retain his power over them, and hold them back from any violence to which some might, in their strong revulsion of feeling, be inclined.

As soon as he could command attention again, he said: "Two wrongs can never make a right, my friends. Don't forget that. The way to any social revolution that is worth making, is never through violence. All men must be left free under the law to do what the law permits. Phil Haggerty, after he had served out his sentence at Sing Sing, had a perfect right to come here and open a drinking-saloon; and you had a perfect right to go there and let him drain you of your wages instead of spending them for home comforts with which to make happy your wives and your children. But he had no right, under the law that gave him a license to sell whisky and beer, to entice your half-grown boys into his vile den, and introduce them into all kinds of vice and wickedness; and you, knowing, as many of you must have known, that all this dreadful work was being done, cannot hold yourselves entirely free of the blame that lies against him. As good citizens, you should have seen to it that this bad man was held within the limit of destructive power which the law so unwisely gave him. So, let there be no more cries of 'lynching' and 'running out of town.' Stay

away, every one of you, from his saloon, and he'll be glad enough to run out of town to keep from starving, even if he doesn't think it prudent to do so for fear of the law which he has broken. Do you think, for a moment, that Tivoli would be full of whisky-mills if you didn't take your grists of wages there to be ground into sickness, sorrow, rags, poverty and disgrace? That is the work for which these mills have been set up; and it seems that their owners knew where to find their customers. But you were not compelled to take your wages there. So far as that was concerned, you were as free as the freest man in town to spend your earnings as you pleased and where you pleased—for bread if you chose; or for a fiery poison if that were most to your liking.

"No, my friends, don't try to atone for one wrong by committing another. If the greater blame lies with any, it is with yourselves. Men of the vampire class, like Phil Haggerty, only obey their instincts when they fasten themselves on a community. If you open a vein and let them suck your blood, whose fault is it? Theirs or yours?"

By this time the passion of the crowd was dying out.

"So I counsel order and obedience to law, as becomes good citizens," continued Mr. Thorne. "Under the whisky rule of the old strike, there has been too many appeals to blind and unreasoning passion, and too much of disorder, riot and violence; but under the temperance rule of the new strike, we are to have the government of law and the protection of every citizen in his rights under the law. His right to sell whisky to the hurt of his neighbor so long as his evil heart prompts him to do so, and bad and disgraceful laws give him a license; and his right to drink and debauch himself, and starve and beggar his family, if he will.

"Starve and beggar his family!" The superintendent repeated these words in a tone that sent a thrill of feeling from heart to heart of his impressive audience. "Ah, sirs! Think of it! Starve and beggar his family! There has been a great deal of this going on in Tivoli for the last five or six years," he added, his voice falling to a tone of pity and regret. "These swarms of ragged and neglected children, and meanly clad, pale, wasted and heart-broken wives! What does it mean? Is there a man here who is ready to declare that it is because of insufficient wages? If so, let him come up here and stand beside me, and answer in your presence the questions that I will ask him. Where is Andy Sullivan? Let him stand up!"

A hundred voices called for "Black Andy," but there was no response. Andy had slunk away under a bitter sense of humiliation and disgrace. His eyes were on Tom Maguire at the moment Superintendent Thorne pronounced the words "Phil Haggerty," and he saw, with a strange surprise, their instant and mysterious effect. The truth had dawned upon him slowly, as Mr. Thorne gave his hurried sketch of that criminal's life. When the two men withdrew themselves from the crowd, it was to go in different directions. Andy was bad enough in his way; and,

when influenced by drink, reckless, desperate and often cruel. But he was not so low and evil-minded, nor so reckless of character, as to take for his associate an exposed prison-bird whose record of crime and villainy was as black as that of Phil Haggerty, *alias* Tom Maguire. No wonder that he did not answer to his name.

"Will no one stand up and declare that insufficient wages, and not drink, is the cause of all this want, misery and wretchedness? I will hear him patiently, and out of his own mouth the truth shall appear."

There followed a breathless waiting, and a long expectant silence. Breaking in upon this, Mr. Thorne said, with just a shade of displeasure and accusation in his strong, steady voice: "Let me speak to you as men who can hear a reason. If it is not the wages but the drink that has caused the evils from which you are suffering, why not make friends with wages again, and turn your backs forever upon your enemy and robber, drink? The cotton-mills can start to-morrow, if you say the word, and wages, your friend and benefactor, come back to you again with favor and blessing; but only those of you who quit work in the whisky-mills can enter the cotton-mills. These institutions are in such complete antagonism to each other, that no friendly relations can possibly exist between them. They mutually tend to weaken and destroy each other. No man can serve two masters. No man who is a slave to the owner of a whisky-mill can possibly be a faithful and efficient worker in a cotton-mill. The thing is impossible, and so self-evident that I will not insult your common sense by any argument in proof of the declaration.

"And now, my friends—I am your friend, and a better friend than many of you have thought me—it rests with you to close this wretched state of affairs, and to do it at once. You will find me in my office at the mills to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. If enough of you come, pledged to the new strike, and ready for work, to operate the looms and spindles, I will order the engineer to start the machinery."

The deafening shout of approval that rent the air was taken up and repeated over and over again. A few groans and hisses followed, but they were drowned by a wilder burst of feeling.

"You all know the principal leader in this new strike, and the president of its council—Peter Glenn," said Mr. Thorne, when quiet was again restored. "He and the council will be at City Hall to-night for the reception of members. Every one who joins in this new strike gives a pledge to take no more wages to the whisky-mills to be ground into poverty and drunkenness, and then receives a certificate of membership signed by the president. And now I wish it to be distinctly understood, that no man will be taken back into the mills who cannot present such a certificate. I know, from information received within the last few hours, that already over a hundred of our men have it in their possession, and that they are ready to end this strike."

Once more shouts of applause, in which groans

and hisses were again mingled, rose upon the air.

"These, with the women and girls whom force has so long kept idle, will make over two hundred and fifty hands; and it will give me great pleasure to meet them at the mills to-morrow morning, and there re-establish the old friendly relations, which I trust will be more friendly in the future than they have been in the past.

Again cheers and shouts, with a few groans and hisses.

"It is no matter of surprise that some dissatisfaction should be felt at the turn affairs have taken," continued Mr. Thorne. "That it is not greater, is a most encouraging sign. It shows how swift has been the decline of the whisky power, and how small its baleful influence compared with what it was a week ago. These groans and hisses come, as we all know, from that side. An evil power never releases itself without a struggle. The devils rent the bodies of those out of whom they were once commanded to go; and we must look for and be prepared for violence ere this devil of rum, which has possessed so many of you, is cast out. But now, as then, the power of good is stronger than the power of evil. Have no fear. Trust in the right, and in law and order; and leave every man free to enjoy the rights which he has under the law. If any one will not go to work under the new order of things which is hereafter to exist at the mills, he must be left entirely free. That is his right as an individual; and no man must seek by violence to compel him to go to work. If, on the other hand, any one wishes to resume work, he must be left entirely free. That is his right as an individual, and no man must seek by violence to hold him back from work. Because one man, or a hundred, will not work for a certain rate of wages, does that give him or them any right to prevent another man, or another hundred men, from working for these wages if they wish to do so? Clearly not! The whole thing is wrong in principle, and a tyranny and oppression of the worst and most disastrous kind.

"What are we to do then?" I hear some of you ask. 'How are we to help ourselves when ground down in our wages? How are we to secure our proper share in the profit made out of the labor of our hands? We are getting poorer every day, while the mill-owners grow rich—some of them living like princes.' Let me tell you. The first thing each one of you has to do is to make the most of himself as a man. You will forgive me for saying that some of you really seem to be trying to make the least out of yourselves. Endeavor to increase your skill as workmen and your intelligence as men. Begin to read more in your leisure hours, and to improve your minds. Never spend a cent of your money in drink. It is the waste of money in drink that keeps so many working-people in poverty and wretchedness. Instead of this, save a little every year—some of you may make it fifty, or a hundred, or even as much as two hundred a year, if you save in the future as much

as you have spent in the past for liquor. Make yourselves independent as quickly as possible by getting something ahead. When a man once commences to get ahead, it is wonderful how many opportunities for bettering himself begin to offer. He is observed by his neighbors, and has the credit of being thrifty and intelligent; and if he has been making the most of himself, as well as of his opportunities, he is in the way of promotion into the higher and better-paid places which only the more skilled and progressive can secure. A few hundred dollars in the hands of such a man is often the passport to an independent business. It may be small in the beginning, but if he continue to be temperate, frugal and industrious, it will be certain to grow, and may make him rich in the end. Nearly all the rich men in our land have started just in this way. Or a piece of land can be bought with the savings of a few years; and the man who has a taste for country life may have his farm, with its grain-fields and cattle.

"All this, and more, may be done with the money which you have been wasting at the drinking-saloons. Do you not see that independence such as I have described will gradually draw labor away from mills and manufactories, and so relieve that glut in the labor-market which always produces low wages. It will take time for all this. But if you commence at once the work of elevating your condition through temperance, self-improvement and economy, the new order of things will almost immediately begin to show itself. All of you will not save money, even though nothing be wasted in drink. The habit of spending in some personal indulgence the whole of your wages from day to day and from week to week, has grown so strong that most of you will go on spending as fast as you make, and keep on living, as we say, from hand to mouth. But how much better off and happier you will all be if your wages are exchanged for clothing, and furniture for your houses, and a plentiful supply of good food, instead of being ground, as I have said, into poverty, wretchedness, and it may be crime, at the whisky-mills! So, in any case, whether you save the money you have been wasting at the dram-shops and in taverns, in order to become business men or farmers, or whether you spend as you go in a better and more decent and comfortable way of living, the gain of temperance is so great that no man, but he who has become a slave to drink, can hesitate a moment in his choice between the old and the new order.

"Let me say a word or two more, and then I will leave you to act as your common sense and good judgment may dictate. You have heard me patiently; far more patiently than I had hoped. I did not mean to say so much when I began, nor to talk to you so freely; but one thought crowded upon another, and you drew me on by your attention and approval. And now what I wish to say is this—and I think you will see its force—your better condition as working-people will never come through any combination of labor against capital; nor through any legislation against monopolies; nor through strikes, or violent

measures of any kind; and so long as you depend on these, instead of each man on himself, you will continue to be as you are. If you wait for the 'good time coming,' until questions as to the true relation of capital to labor are settled—until government votes every poor man a farm, and somebody to work it into the bargain, while the new land-owner spends his time and his money in a drinking-saloon—until by a law of the land every scoundrelly rich man is compelled to divide up with his poor but honest neighbors—if, I say, you wait for the 'good time coming,' until all this takes place, it will never come to any one who is alive to-day. But it will begin to come with every man from the moment he turns his back upon the tavern and resolves to make the best of himself and his opportunities—the best of himself as a thinking man as well as a working-man. It is the brain in the hands and finger-tips that makes skilled labor; and this, as you all know, pays the best. But no one but yourself can make you a skilled laborer. No one but yourself can better your condition. Others may help you, if they will; but, after all, it rests with yourself to accept or reject the opportunities that come in your way. If you throw these aside, if you waste your money at the dram-shops and stupify your brains with drink, if you are thriftless, and idle, and wasteful, what can all the legislation, and combinations and strikes do for you? Nothing at all! And why? Simply because there is no self-help in you; and without this, all else must go for nothing. Let each and all of you ask yourselves these questions, and answer them honestly to yourselves: 'Am I as well off to-day as I might have been, if I had made the best of myself and been careful of my earnings?' 'How large a part of my wages have I spent during the last five years in drink?' 'Who are my best friends, the men who employ capital to organize great industries, through which I am able to get work and wages, or the men who take my wages and give me in return a substance that poisons my blood, weakens my brain, robs me of manhood, beggars my family and forever dooms me to poverty, disgrace and misery?' Take these questions home with you. Study them well; and, in answering them, deal honestly with yourselves as men, and as good citizens who have an equal stake in society with the rest.

"For your patience in hearing me, I thank you! I have addressed your reason, and not your passions. Passion is blind, and always leads men astray. But we see by thought and are guided by reason. Mistrust those who appeal to your prejudices and your passions; but listen to him who offers you a reason, and consider what he says. If he offers you a right reason, your judgment will approve; if a wrong reason, your judgment will condemn. Try to do your own thinking. Don't be influenced by a word that I have said, if your judgment disapproves. If it still seems to you best to take your wages to the saloon-keepers, and to maintain them as a privileged class of non-producers in the community, at a cost which means more of disgrace, and wretchedness,

and hopeless poverty for yourselves and families than I can describe in human language, go on as you have been going. If not, meet me to-morrow morning at the mills, and we will make a joint effort to inaugurate a new order of things in Tivoli."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. THORNE had written another long letter to the president of the company, in which he gave a full detail of events since morning, with information of the new and more favorable turn which affairs had taken. In his long and unpremeditated address to the striking workmen, he had committed himself and the corporation to certain changes, and to a more humane regard for their welfare; and he now urged upon the president the necessity of an immediate commencement of a thorough system of reform, the main features of which he gave in a brief outline. While arguing with the people, and endeavoring to show them where their duties and interests lay as workmen, there had come into his mind some very plain truths and common-sense perceptions as to the duties and interests of the corporation. The conviction that two wrongs cannot make a right, was becoming quite as clear to himself as he had tried to make it appear to the striking workmen. Mrs. Farrington's plain talk had taken from his eyes a few blinding scales. He was beginning to see many things in new and different aspects and relations. For the poverty and intemperance of their work-people, he felt that he and the corporation which he represented were even more to blame than the vampire liquor-dealers who had sucked out the very life of their thrift. In their selfish indifference, they had cared little or nothing for these poor, and, in too many cases, ignorant and easily influenced men and women, or for their neglected children. They were regarded as only human machines, which, for so much pay, did so much work. Beyond this, all interest in them had ceased. When the mill doors swung outwards at the close of the day, care and supervision were at an end. And they were now eating their portion of the bitter fruit which had been permitted to grow and ripen.

As Mr. Thorne sat pondering these things, the twilight fell and deepened, until the shadows of evening began closing thickly around him. He had locked his desk, and was preparing to leave the office, when his eyes caught the movement of a figure just outside of the window; but whether it was that of a man or woman he could not make out, so quickly had it disappeared from observation. He stood for over a minute, waiting its re-appearance, a vague and uneasy feeling of loneliness and insecurity coming over him. The issue which he had made with the liquor men, and his declaration that none but those who joined in the strike against them would be taken back into the mills, had bitterly exasperated the saloon-keepers, and some of his friends had warned him of threats of violence, to which he gave but little heed. If he succeeded in carrying out his de-

clared purpose, and started the mills on a strictly temperance basis, half the bar-rooms in town would soon be closed for want of custom. Too much was at stake for the tavern-keepers to fold their hands and idly wait for such a wholesale destruction of their business; and it is not at all surprising, considering the characters of a large proportion of those who traffic in liquor, and the evil passions its use engenders, that violence, arson and even murder were secretly discussed and planned.

It came upon Mr. Thorne, with a shock, that all this must be in the very nature of things, and that unless the mills were guarded by a strong force, they might be given to the flames before the next morning. He had taken a step toward the door, when the figure which he had seen again appeared; this time coming up noiselessly to the window, and pressing a white face close to one of the panes of glass, evidently trying to make out if any one were in the office. The light was too far gone for anything to be made out inside. After the lapse of a moment, there came two or three faint taps on the glass.

"Who's there?" called the superintendent, as he stepped to the window and threw open the sash.

The figure, which he now saw to be that of a woman, started back a few steps, with a, "Whist! whist!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the superintendent.

"Whist! whist! Speak low!" returned the woman, looking from side to side in a fearful manner. "Let me in, Mr. Thorne. It's something dreadful!"

The superintendent closed the window, and, opening the office door, admitted the woman. He saw by the dusky and failing light that she belonged to the poorer class, and was pale, and wasted, and wretchedly clad.

"What is dreadful?" he asked, as she came in, shrinking and fearful.

"I couldn't let it be done, Mr. Thorne," she said, as she began wringing her hands. "I'll be murdered if I'm found out; but I couldn't let it be done!"

"Let what be done, my good woman? Speak out. Don't be afraid. I'll see that you're not murdered."

"The mills are to be burnt down, and you're to be shot, Mr. Thorne!" said the woman, now eager and trembling in her speech. "I heard all about it; but I couldn't let it be done. They've got my man filled with whisky, and he's to be one of 'em. Tom Maguire's a-setting them on."

"Where did you hear about this?" asked Mr. Thorne, trying to compose himself and speak with calmness.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'll be murdered, I will! But I couldn't let it be done! So many of us women and children a-starvin', and the mills goin' to start to-morrow, and the wages to begin again! Oh, no! I couldn't let it be done!" the woman moaned, still wringing her hands.

"Of course you couldn't let it be done," said the superintendent, falling in with the drift of her feelings, in the hope of getting at some clear statement of

facts in regard to the plot for burning down the mills. "And nobody shall hurt a hair of your head. Tom Maguire is setting them on, you say?"

"Yes, sir, he is. He's been givin' them money. There's five of them; and they're to set the mill on fire at twelve o'clock to-night. And you're to be shot. There wasn't one of the men as would consent to do that; and then Tom he swore an awful oath to do it himself."

All this with the some excitement of manner, and low, half-hushed, wailing voice, and steady wringing of the hands.

"Where did you hear all this? What is your husband's name?"

"Oh, dear, Mr. Thorne! you won't be hard on him. There's no more peaceable man in Tivoli when he's sober; but when the drink's in him—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm just turning State's evidence for him before the crime's committed; and that'll save him, won't it, Mr. Thorne? Him as turns State's evidence gets off, you know; and I'm doing it for my man. That'll be just the same. It's all the fault of Tom Maguire and the whisky. My man's as harmless as a baby when he lets drink alone."

The superintendent had been trying to make out the woman's face, but was not able to get at the clear outline or expression of a single feature. He was about replying, when a low whistle, evidently a signal, was heard not far from the mill. It quivered for a moment in the air, and then an answering whistle was heard not far away.

"Hu-s-h! Hu-s-h!" said the woman, in a frightened whisper, as she caught hold of Mr. Thorne's arm.

"Do you know what that means?" asked the superintendent, speaking in a low, stern voice.

"Indeed, no, sir! It was to be at twelve to-night."

He felt the hand which had clutched his arm begin to tremble violently, and heard the woman's teeth chatter. She was shivering in a nervous chill. Suddenly she slipped from him, and gliding to the door, passed out before he could follow and prevent her escape, going with such light and cautious steps that the superintendent could scarcely mark the swift, faint strokes of her receding feet.

Mr. Thorne's first impulse was to follow and secure the woman; but the thought crossing his mind that she might have been sent as a decoy to draw him into danger, he deemed it prudent to remain where he was and take time for reflection. Listening attentively to every sound without, the superintendent remained in his office for nearly ten minutes. Then, after conferring with the two watchmen who were in charge of the mill, he armed himself with a piece of bolt-iron two feet long, as a weapon of defense if attacked, he started for his home, which he reached without molestation.

No one had seen Black Andy since the revelation made by Mr. Thorne in regard to the true character and identity of his friend, Tom Maguire. He had shrunk away from sight under a deep feeling of humiliation and disgrace, and was hiding himself in

one of the upper rooms of his poor, rum-cursed home, trying to think out, with his brain so heavily loaded and obscured by alcohol that healthy action was almost impossible, what it was now best for him to do. One conviction, if no other, was clear to his mind. He saw that the new strike, as it was called, had robbed the old strike of its chief element of strength. That Mr. Thorne would find as many of the old operatives as were required to start the mills ready to go to work in the morning, he did not doubt. Where would he then stand? What would become of him and his? These were questions from which he could not turn away with indifference. As the hours went on, his trouble and perplexity increased: for there was no whisky in the house with which to dull or fire his brain anew, and so his thought grew clearer and clearer, and the perilous extremity of his case became more and more apparent with every passing moment. Shame, mortification and a sense of defeat kept him from seeking any of his old companions or visiting any of his usual haunts.

Would the mills start in the morning, and another man fill his place in the engine-room? How different the effect of this question now, from what it would have been a few hours before, when he was free to help himself from Tom Maguire's pocket! How strong and independent he then felt! What a sense of power he had! Another take his place in the engine-room! It would be a sorry day for that man!

But now there fell upon Andy, as his brain grew clearer and clearer, a most depressing sense of weakness. What was blind passion and brute force in the presence of a moral power that was bearing his old associates and fellow-workmen forward in a new direction with an impetus that must dash aside all opposition? To set himself against it was folly. He must go with this new movement, or go down! That was clear.

Night closed in, but Sullivan still remained at home. His head was freer from the effects of drink than it had been since the commencement of the strike. There is no surer way to get sense into an ignorant, self-willed man than to baffle him utterly. Andy was so baffled; and he felt weak and helpless. Turn his thoughts which way he would, and in all directions, except one, he was met by impassable barriers. But how was he to accept the conditions required of those who would be permitted to enter this way? He must not only go to work at the old wages—he, Andy Sullivan, one of the most active, boastful and desperate of all the leaders in the strike!—but sign a temperance pledge, and turn his back on his old drinking friends and cronies! Could he do this and ever again look these men in the face?

Andy ate his supper in moody silence. After leaving the table, he lit his pipe, and took a seat on the door-step to smoke and to think. It was now dark, and he could leave the seclusion in which he had remained for the last few hours without attracting observation. He had been on the door-step for only a little while, when he saw a man moving in a cautious, and what seemed to him an indeterminate

manner, along the other side of the street. On coming opposite to Andy's house, the man stopped for a few moments, and then crossing over, stood at the fence. Sullivan waited, until his name was called in a low, repressed whisper; and then rising, walked slowly and noiselessly down to the gate.

"Y'r wanted, Andy," said the man, in a whisper, and with an air of mystery.

"Who wants me?" asked Sullivan, as he moved away with the man.

"Tom Maguire. He's been looking for you round there all the afternoon. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"What does Tom want with me?" asked Andy.

"He's got a job for you; and there'll be lots of money in it."

"What kind of a job?"

"He'll tell you all about it when you see him."

"Do you know?"

The man did not reply. Andy, who had been walking by his side, stood still.

"D'ye know?" he said, repeating his question, and with a decision of manner that took the other a little by surprise. Andy saw that he had been drinking heavily.

"Well, you see," answered the man, "we're going in for some ugly work to-night. We've been sold out, you know. And if it isn't done to-night, it's all up with us."

"If what isn't done?"

"There are five of us, and you'll be the sixth. We're to be on hand at twelve o'clock, and do our part of the work, and you're to"—the man snapped his thumb and finger sharply.

A chill ran along the nerves of Andy Sullivan; for there had come a quick perception of what this sign meant.

"I'm to shoot the superintendent," he said, in a low, even voice, "while the rest of yez burn the mills."

"And then we'll see who rules the roast in Tivoli."

At this moment the slight form of a woman came suddenly into view. She was running swiftly, and in the direction of the spot where the two men were standing. As she came close to them, she stopped with a startled exclamation, and then springing forward, caught hold of Andy's companion, with a tight and clinging grasp. There was the wildness of one half-insane in her manner. The man tried to shake her off, using considerable violence, and cursing her fiercely; but she clung to him so closely that he could not get himself free. In his drunken madness he drew back his clinched hand to strike her; but Sullivan caught the blow, and held his arm as in a vice.

"Don't dare to do that, Jim Lyon! Katy's always been a good wife till yez; and she's too wake a little thing for y'r great fist. Do yez want till murder her, ye brute! Come along home wid yez!" and Andy threw his full strength into the arm that grasped the man, and drew him back in the direction of Corporation Row. There was no resistance; for he was not

only surprised, but confounded by this sudden demonstration on the part of Sullivan, who, as a more masterful spirit, had always held great influence over him. Andy did not release his hold, until they were all inside of the man's house, and the door shut.

"And so it's arson and murder y'r plottin' wid a jail-bird, Jim Lyon! An' darin' to count me in, ye bloody villin ye!" And Andy thrust the man down upon a chair, and stood fronting him with an angry menace in his face and attitude.

In an instant, Lyon's wife was between them.

"Don't hurt him, Andy!" she cried, pitifully, trying to push Sullivan away. "It's all because of the whisky. They'd never have got him into it if it hadn't been for the whisky."

"Then we'll shake the whisky out of him!" And Andy made a movement to get hold of the astonished and half-frightened man. But his wife interposed her frail little body and held him back with a super-human strength.

"If you'd let whisky alone y'rself, Andy Sullivan, and set a better example, there'd be less drinking and wasting of money than there has been. I blame you more than anybody else for the way Jim's been going on!"

It needed no further exertion of strength on the part of little Katy Lyon to hold Black Andy away from his meditated assault upon her husband. There was a power in her accusation greater than in her arms.

"It's the whisky and nothing else," she continued, "that makes all our trouble. Jim and I got along well enough until he took to drinking; but ever since then we've been running down hill, and I've had nothing but sorrow day and night."

Andy moved back a step or two, under the force of her telling words, which were bringing out of the depths of his inner consciousness certain convictions that had been struggling for some hours to make themselves heard and felt.

"We'll settle all that for him!" he said, speaking in a resolute voice, but with so great a change in tone and manner that Mrs. Lyon, who had dropped her eyes to the floor as she ceased speaking, raised them swiftly to his face.

"Jim Lyon!" and Sullivan lifted his hand, to emphasize his words. "Jim Lyon! I'll give yez me ultimatum! y'r to jine the new strike and sign the pledge, or I'll hand yez over as a bloody conspirator, wid that jail-bird, Phil Haggerty, to burn the mills and murder the superintendent."

After striking one of his fists into his open palm, and clinching his threat with two or three oaths, Andy caught hold of the bewildered Lyon, and giving him a jerk said: "Now or niver! Pete Glenn's council meets at the hall to-night, and y'r to sign, and go to work to-morrow mornin', or I'll have ye sent to jail and hung!"

And before the man had time for remonstrance or resistance, Sullivan had him out of the house, and on the way to the City Hall.

Four ill-looking fellows sat around a table, on which

were glasses and decanters of whisky, in one of the upper rooms of a tavern in Tivoli, the windows of which were closely shaded. They were talking in low tones, and there was an air of mystery in their evil-looking faces. One of these men was Tom Maguire, the keeper of the tavern, the others were his fellow-conspirators. Two were absent—Jim Lyon, who had been sent after Andy Sullivan, and another who had been dispatched to find out what had become of Jim Lyon.

It was over half an hour since the departure of the latter, and, in consequence of his long stay, an uneasy feeling had begun to creep into the minds of Tom and his associates.

"Jim Lyon isn't worth a cuss," one of them said, "unless you can keep him just so. He's not afraid of the devil, and had as lief put a ball through a man's head as not, if you can get the right measure of whisky into him. But he's mighty uncertain without the whisky."

"I took good care of that," answered Maguire. "He's got all he can hold steadily."

"And a little over, I'm afraid. We'd better have sent somebody else."

Before any one could reply, a signal tap was heard on the door. As soon as it was opened, a man came in hastily. There was an expression of alarm on his face. He didn't take his seat at the table, but stood as one in fear and on the alert. His first sentence brought every man to his feet as quickly as if it had been a pistol shot.

"Jim Lyon's turned traitor!" he said, with a shiver in his hoarse voice. "He's round at the hall, and has joined the new strike! And so has Black Andy. I saw 'em both there. Andy was talking with Mr. Thorne and the mayor. And I knew by their looks and actions that Jim and Andy had given us away."

Without waiting for another word, two of the conspirators, overcome by a sudden fear, passed quickly from the room, and hurrying down-stairs, fled from the house. Maguire's face grew almost livid with fear and rage. There was fierce vengeance in his heart; and it was only for lack of a present opportunity that murder was not in his hand. Another and another of his evil companions, overcome by a feeling of impending danger, fell away from him, until he was left alone—the worst, the wickedest and the most frightened man in Tivoli.

CHAPTER IX.

AT seven o'clock next morning the mills started with a full complement of hands, and with Andy Sullivan at his old place in the engine-room. There was an air of quiet in the town, and a look of satisfaction in nearly all the faces you saw. Men spoke together in cheerier voices as they met and exchanged congratulations with each other. Sick Tivoli had passed the crisis of her disease, and was already feeling in her veins the healthy glow of convalescence. No unemployed men were upon the streets, or lounging in and about the taverns, all of

which wore a deserted aspect. On the day previous, scores of disheartened women and idle girls, with grimy faces and unsightly garments, might have been seen about the doors and on the steps of the houses in that quarter of the town where most of the work-people resided. But all was changed now. If any of the women were in view, you saw them with broom or scrubbing-brush in hand, trying to bring something like order out of the old unsightliness, and to make pure and tidy what had been neglected and unclean. It was wonderful, the change which had passed, and was passing, over everything.

Without waiting for any response from the directors, Mr. Thorne committed the corporation at once to some of the reforms which he had promised in his speech to the strikers on the day before. In less than an hour after the mills started, two or three men were at work removing from before the corporation houses the broken and rotting remnants of the old paling fence, preparatory to replacing it with a new one, while a master carpenter was going through the houses and examining them, inside and out, in order to see what repairs were needed to make them decent and comfortable for the coming winter. Broken walls, stairways, doors, sashes and even window and door-frames, were found everywhere, with paint worn off, or hidden under dirt and grime. There was scarcely a whole window to be seen in any one of the wretched tenements.

The even grading of two streets on which the two rows of houses fronted had long since disappeared, and they now presented a series of ash heaps and rubbish accumulations from one end of the row to the other, with deep depressions in the centre, filled with slime and stagnant water, from which exhaled offensive and sickly odors. Half a dozen carts were already on the ground, and men were at work cleaning away the ash and rubbish heaps, and filling up the stagnant pools with fresh, clean earth and gravel. Before night, all the broken and unsightly remains of the fences which had inclosed the yards in front of the houses had been removed and carried away from the grounds, and men were engaged in setting new posts where the old ones were too rotten for service, while loads of new rails and palings were lying in piles here and there ready for use.

A week, and so great was the change in Corporation Row, that it seemed like a new place. The streets were clean and evenly graded, new fences had taken the places of the old ones, and the click of latches as the gates swung open or shut on strong and smoothly-turning hinges, might be heard as a new and pleasant sound running up and down the rows of houses. The children had changed also. You would hardly know them as the noisy, ragged, dirty-faced brood that once swarmed about, wrangling or fighting with each other. There had been more soap and water used, more scrubbing of hands and faces, more washing and mending of clothes, and more assertion of family government and control during this brief period, than for months. Over twenty or thirty of these children, who had been left to run

wild before, were now in the public school, and under wholesome restraint both there and at home.

Mr. Thorne possessed that hard, resolute quality, which held him above all weakness or vacillation in his execution of the work of reform to which he had set his hand, and to which the directors, under the influence of more humane, enlightened and common-sense views of the relation between employers and their workmen, had given their full sanction. He took no man back into the mill who did not sign a pledge of total abstinence from all and every kind of intoxicating drinks, and promptly removed from the tenant-houses of the corporation the families of those who refused to take this pledge; giving notice at the same time, that whenever it became known to him that a man had broken his pledge, he would be discharged from the company's service. In the work of repairing the tenant-houses, he had arranged to have it done with as little inconvenience to the occupants, and with as few temporary removals, as possible.

Only five families out of the twenty or thirty that lived in the company's houses were ejected in the beginning. But as many more were compelled to leave by the end of the first week, because the fathers had relapsed into their old drinking-habits. This stern adherence of the superintendent to the rule which he had adopted, exercised a salutary and restraining effect upon many who, if they had seen any fair chance of escaping the consequences, would have yielded to the cravings of an appetite which can only be held in check and weakened by a persistent denial; so that after the first week but few forfeited their places in the mills.

The loss of several hundred regular customers—for the example of the Commonwealth Mills was soon followed by other establishments in which labor was employed, and in which a clean temperance bill of health was exacted from its workmen—told seriously upon the trade of the saloon-keepers. Tom Maguire, the worst and vilest of the whole fraternity of vampires who lived on the life-blood of labor, and exhausted the substance of the poor workingmen, was first to leave the field, quietly disappearing, for reasons quite sufficient unto himself, and going no one knew or cared whither. Scarcely a week went by without a red curtain coming down, or a red light disappearing, until, at the end of three months, only fifteen bars and saloons were doing a moderate business, where forty had been prosperous before.

Was this better or worse for Tivoli? We leave every reader to answer that question for himself. But these fifteen saloons, with the power of unlimited multiplication under the law, were a standing menace to the social, moral and material well-being of the community. They were the absorbing tumors and eating cancers of that little body politic, which either could not or would not use the surgeon's knife and cut them out.

Steadily, and with a stern inflexibility which many blamed, did Superintendent Thorne hold the opera-

tives in Commonwealth Mills to the rule of total abstinence, visiting every departure therefrom with a prompt dismissal from service.

"I will have no man in the mills who wastes his earnings in drink," was his unvarying answer to all remonstrances. "Tipplers earn the lowest wages, do the poorest work and make the worst grumblers. A single one of this class will create more dissatisfaction among his fellow-workmen than a score of sober men. And so long as I can get all the sober, steady workmen that I want, I shall let the tipplers find employment somewhere else."

Winter set in early, and was unusually prolonged and severe. For the past four or five years, there had been, during the cold weather, a great deal of suffering and destitution, especially among the operatives who lived in the tenant-houses of the Commonwealth Mills. Kind-hearted individuals and charitable associations were largely taxed for the food, fuel and clothing which labor might have supplied, if so large a proportion of the wages of labor had not been spent for beer and whisky. The change, under this new order of things, was wonderful. Not a single case of destitution was found in Corporation Row, that quarter in which there had been the most sickness, and from which the most distressing appeals for help had usually come. In times past, there was scarcely a day from midwinter to spring that the cart of the "Charitable Fuel Association" did not drop its half or quarter ton of coal somewhere in the neighborhood. But long and hard as this winter proved to be, not a single call was made upon the association by any one in the employment of the corporation. In fact, Mr. Thorne had given notice that no applications to citizens or benevolent associations for charitable relief would be tolerated in their work-people. Wages would be promptly paid, and if it happened that, from sickness or any legitimate cause, these were proving insufficient for the necessities of the family, the needed temporary help would be supplied by the corporation. None of its people must be paupers on the town.

So the winter passed. But how, it is asked, were these uneducated men, who had been so long used to spending their leisure hours amid the social and sensual attractions of the bar-room, to dispose of their time in the evenings and on Sundays, when released from work? This was the most difficult problem that Mr. Thorne had to solve. Old appetites, confirmed social habits, the craving for change and mental stimulus, and the necessity for some kind of sensuous pleasures and gratifications, would, he knew, seduce many from the ways of safety, unless they could be supplied with something to take the place of what had been lost. How was he to meet this necessity? With every step in the new direction which the superintendent, under the full approval and co-operation of the company, had taken, he found himself met by results of so gratifying and important a nature, that he saw only one wise and humane course to pursue, and that was to make use of every possible agency required for the completion and permanent

establishment of the reforms which had been inaugurated.

It would not do, he saw, to leave these men to stand alone in the strength of the better purposes which they had formed. He understood something of the power which the sensual nature in man exercises over the higher mental and moral powers; and how it seduces to indulgence by reasonings and enticements that often prove irresistible. The danger in which these men stood was all the greater because of low moral and intellectual culture, defective will-power, and years of indulgence in the appetites and propensities. But Mr. Thorne belonged to a class of men who rarely accept defeat. When he once set himself to do a thing, all his mental resources, and all the means within his reach, were brought into requisition for the accomplishment of his object. He early found in Peter Glenn a man whom he could trust. Glenn had a good share of natural intelligence and shrewdness, was true to his convictions, and understood better than most men the peculiar human nature of his class, and the influences that most easily affected them. Unable to go to work in the mills on account of his broken arm, Mr. Thorne had employed him at first to overlook the repairs going on in the company's houses, and especially to carry out his orders in regard to their tenants. But he soon discovered in the man the very qualities needed for the more thorough care and supervision which it was his purpose to extend over the mill-hands. Glenn was one of them, and a man in whom they had always reposed confidence. He understood their habits, their needs, their prejudices, their peculiar temptations and peculiar weaknesses. He had a clearer head and a steadier will-power than most of them, and a magnetism that attracted strongly, and gave him a leading influence with his associates. It was comparatively easy for Mr. Thorne to lift this man to the level of his own ideas, and to make him an efficient agent; and this, after he had studied him carefully, he proceeded to do.

One of the company's houses, from which a worthless family had been removed, both the man and his wife relapsing into drunkenness within a week after the resumption of work in the mills, was taken and fitted up as a place of resort in the evening. Besides a supply of books, papers and other reading matter for those who could be interested in public affairs, or led to improve their minds, various games and amusements were introduced, and everything done to make the place as attractive as possible to the large proportion of the men and grown-up lads who were employed in the mills. The next step was to lead the men to organize themselves into a guild for mutual help and improvement, and for the creation of a fund for the aid of members in sickness, or their families in case of death. Mr. Thorne knew the value of fraternal association, and the power which it gives to stronger minds over the weaker ones; and how the latter, under good associations, may be held above evil influences and kept in safe ways.

As soon as this guild was established, with its con-

stitution and by-laws, and regularly elected officers, the corporation made a formal presentation to the new society of a room handsomely fitted up as a permanent place of meeting, thus still further securing the good-will and confidence of its operatives.

Beyond this, acting in concert with leading and influential citizens, who were quick to see how greatly this new order of things, if continued, was going to benefit the town, a series of free lectures on popular subjects were given all through the winter and spring at the public hall. The lectures were varied by social entertainments, with tableaux and recitations, under the direction of young ladies and gentlemen of the town, who had become interested in the reform going on among the work-people; and by stereopticon and panoramic exhibitions. It was remarkable how much could be done to lift these people to a better level, and to interest and improve them, when a hearty and intelligent effort was made to do so.

It was in vain that the saloon interest struggled to regain what it had lost. The fifteen bar-rooms which at the end of three months remained, out of the forty, held their own for awhile, and several attempts were made to open and maintain new places for the sale of liquor. But when the spring opened, the drink custom had so fallen off that only ten saloons and taverns could be found with open doors.

When spring opened! What a memorable spring and summer that was in Tivoli! Nearly seven months have passed, reader, since we introduced you, on a bleak November day, to that disgrace of the town known as Corporation Row. It is now mid-June; the sky is clear, and the air warm and sweet with the odors of honeysuckles and bursting roses. Let us look into that neighborhood again.

"Is there not some mistake?" you ask, as we pause at one of the streets on which the houses stand. "This cannot, surely, be Corporation Row!"

We cannot wonder at your surprise, with the image of that wretched quarter as you saw it only a few months ago still fresh in your memory.

As you look upon it now, it is as little like the old Corporation Row as a fruit-tree covered with leaves and blossoms is like the same tree in midwinter. The streets are smooth and clean, and long rows of young trees, protected by boxes, stretch along the pavements in front of the houses, the yards of which are each inclosed by a neat whitewashed fence. In every little garden is a plot or border of flowers, many of which are coming into bloom; and in each one, planted near a fence-post or close against the house, are from two to three honeysuckle-vines or Virginia creepers, just beginning to reach up their delicate shoots and clinging tendrils. All the walks are nicely swept, and the door-steps white and clean. There is scarcely a window which has not its short muslin curtain, its paper shade, or its pot of flowers. The women you see going in and out are tidily dressed, even in their working-clothes, and look healthy and contented. There are but few children about, for it is school-time; and it is one of the regulations established by the company that their tenants

must send their children to school as soon as they are old enough to be taught.

Look, now, at the surrounding neighborhood. You remember how forlorn and squalid it was; every little house and hovel, reflecting in its dirt and untidiness the two miserable rows of tenements that stood in the centre of the district. A change for the better is to be seen here, also; not so marked, it is true, as in Corporation Row, but decided enough to make itself pleasantly noticeable. Example is contagious, whether for good or evil. As in its decline from order, neatness and external sightliness, Corporation Row had gradually dragged down to its wretched level the whole neighborhood, so, now in its rise to a new and better condition, it is lifting up the whole neighborhood, and a reflection of its new order and returning beauty is to be seen everywhere. On the corner yonder, where a year ago stood one of the worst of the many tipping shops that disgraced the town, you now see a nice provision and grocery store, out of which wholesome food comes for the wages of labor, instead of a maddening poison. A year ago, if you went into this neighborhood, your ears were assailed by the noisy cries and shouts of rude and quarrelsome boys, and your eyes offended by the sight of drunken men and women. There is nothing of this now. The example of Corporation Row has had its salutary effect, and most of the parents send their children to school; while the owners of the houses, with few exceptions, will have for their tenants none but the sober and industrious. As a large proportion of these are work-people in the Commonwealth Mills, their good character and habits are assured, and a steady improvement in the neighborhood a thing which may confidently be looked for.

If you make a little closer observation, you will see changes for the better which neither landlord nor tenant has made. The town has been at work here also, and is extending over these poor people and the quarter in which they live a more humane and considerate care. The streets, which were offensive with dirt-heaps and garbage a year ago, are now clean, and the broken places, in which pools of filthy water lay, have been carefully mended. A main has been laid through the district, and a large number of the houses supplied with water. More than a dozen new lamps have been placed in the streets; and a little square of half an acre, belonging to the town, fenced in, sown with grass and planted with trees and flowers, and a fountain set in its midst, making a very beauty spot where once was a broad receptacle for all unsightly things, and the home of rank weeds in every spot where thronging feet had not trampled out all signs of vegetation.

And now, reader, whether you be a working-man, earning your daily bread by hard labor, the owner of, or a shareholder in mill-property, manufacturing establishment, mine or furnace that employs labor, or a theorizing political economist, answer to yourself and to your own satisfaction, the question as to the true cause of the marvelous change in the condition of these people which you see before you—the

work of less than a single year! We have drawn no mere fancy sketch in the two pictures which we have given you of Corporation Row and its surrounding neighborhood. There are many manufacturing districts in which both the conditions here represented may be seen in all their repulsive squalor or attractive thrift; but the cause of the difference does not lie in the wages; for there is little if any difference here. In what then? What are the forces that antagonizes thrift in the one case, and so surely promote it in the other? Are not the bar-room, the beer-mug and the whisky-bottle always to be found where poverty reigns? Is it not the whisky-mill that grinds the poor—the bar-room that consumes their substance? Take these away from a man or a community, and how quick and wonderful the change! The eye can scarcely follow the transformation from worse to better, so rapidly does the evolution proceed.

CHAPTER X.

THE door of Mr. Thorne's office opened and one of the workmen came in and stood waiting until he had folded and directed a letter which had just been written. It was nearly three years from the time of the memorable strike at the Tivoli Mills.

"Well, Andy," said the superintendent, as he turned round in his chair, "what can I do for you?"

"If ye plaze, Mr. Thorne, I'd like till have y'r advice about a little matter me and Biddy's been considerin'. You see, we've been savin' up, and there's now nigh on till two hundred dollars in bank. Mr. Ryder's been talkin' to me about one of them illigant little houses he's been buildin', over beyont the meadows, with ever so much ground about them for gardens. Peter Glenn's taken one on 'em, ye know."

"Yes; Glenn's nicely fixed over there. Two hundred dollars! Have you really saved so much, Andy?"

"It's just so, Mr. Thorne; and all in the bank. But d'ye know, I kind o' get oneasy sometimes about the bank's failin'!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Andy. There's no danger."

"May be not. But I was readin' only yesterday about a bank in New York that went up and chated the depositors; and I'm kind o' not feelin' right about it. Now, ye see, if we had our money in a little house, and the deed straight and fair, all the banks in the county might break, and we'd be none the worse off. It's concernin' the deed I'd like y'r advice, Mr. Thorne."

"Say on, Andy. You shall have the best advice I can give."

"Well, you see, Mr. Thorne, it's just this way. Mr. Ryder says, that if I'll pay him down the two hundred dollars I've got in bank, he'll give me possession of the property. Thin I'm to pay him a hundred dollars a year, in monthly payments, for

seven years, and thin I'm to have the deed all clear."

"Yes; those are the terms on which Mr. Ryder is selling his houses."

"But, you see, Mr. Thorne, if anything should happen in the mane time. If I should be sick, or out o' work, and couldn't pay the monthly installments, would I be turned out and lose ivery-thing?"

"The house wouldn't be yours until you had paid for it, Andy."

"It wouldn't be all mine, of course; but what I'd paid for would be as much mine as what I hadn't paid for would be his'n, ye see. Supposin' I'd paid half; wouldn't half the house be mine?"

"Certainly; just as much as one-half would be Mr. Ryder's. But suppose, after you had paid one-half of the purchase-money, you could not or would not pay any more. What then?"

There came a perplexed look into Andy's face.

"Now, it is just here," said Mr. Thorne, "that the difficult question of mutual protection comes in. Mr. Ryder has spent his money in buying land and building a dozen nice little houses, which he offers to sell to poor men who are not able to build for themselves, if they will pay him a small part of the purchase-money in cash, and the balance in easy installments, running through seven years. Ought he not to be fully protected in case of failure to pay these installments?"

"Of course, Mr. Thorne. But there's aquil rights on the other side; and that's what I'm consarned about. Mr. Ryder 'll have it all right and tight on his side, ye may be sure. If ye'll be so kind as to examine all the papers for me, and tell me jist what they mane, and what'll happen if I can't get through in the seven years, I'll be iver so much obliged till yez."

"I'll do all that for you, Andy, with the greatest pleasure, and see that everything is as right and tight, and fair for you as for Mr. Ryder. There'll be no trouble about getting through if you and Biddy continue in the way you've been going for the last three years; and if you don't, why you deserve to lose everything, as you certainly will. Not through any advantage taken of you by Mr. Ryder, but through the old avenues of waste."

"Niver, Mr. Thorne! Niver again shall thim old avenues of waste be opened!" Andy spoke with a sudden vehemence. "We've tried the new way, Biddy and me, long enough to see that it's a dale better than the old way. So ye' needn't have any fear for us, Mr. Thorne."

"That's the talk I like to hear, Andy. When you've fully decided to become a property-holder and a tax-payer in Tivoli, let me know, and I'll see that your title-papers are all right."

"Thank yez, Mr. Thorne! Thank yez!" And Andy, well satisfied with his interview, retired from the superintendent's office. A little later in the day another of the workmen came for advice.

"What is it, Bisbee?" asked Mr. Thorne.

"Well, sir; we've been saving up, you know," replied the man, "and I've kind of set my heart on one of them little houses out beyond the meadows. Peter Glenn's taken one, you know. But my wife isn't agreed; and she's rather a hard one to manage when she gets set in her head."

"What's the difficulty in her mind?"

"Well, you see, before we were married, she learned the milliner's trade, and was in a store. She's quick with her needle, and has a wonderful handy way of fixing up women's things to look smart. Now, she wants the money we've saved put into a little fancy trimming and millinery store. There's lots of the women coming to her to fix up their hats for them; and she does it with a touch here and a bit of ribbon-bow there; and they look as smart and pretty as any that come from the regular shops."

"Ah, is that so, Bisbee? Then I guess your wife's right about the matter. If she has the taste, the will and the health to undertake this business, you'd better let her do it. Most likely, she'll be making two dollars to your one before the year's out."

So it proved. And ere the year had closed, Andy Sullivan, Peter Glenn, and half a dozen other of the mill-hands whose families, before the strike against the whisky-mills, were wretchedly poor, had become property-holders and tax-payers, and were vying with each other in the work of beautifying the gardens and grounds of their "illigant" little homes "over beyond the meadows."

Would this have been possible if they had not joined in the new strike?

THE END.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH ON HIS WIFE.

ALLOW me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend; a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care by which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

FROM MY BASKET.

"THAT'S it, on top—the one with the narrow blue ribbon round it. The blessed child! Read it aloud."

"M—, *Ill.*, February, 1877.

"MY DEAR PIPSEY—I promised my dear father, on his death-bed, that I would write you and thank you for your serial in *Arthur*. Father's name was Sylvester Dean, and he said he knew you in your girlhood, and remembered you very kindly; that you both attended the same school in your childhood, and the same singing-schools and parties, when you were young people together. After my mother's death, in the spring, father never seemed to be himself again. He took no interest in the farm-work or the shop, but walked about, and sat alone, in quiet places, like one in a dream. In the autumn he began to change, and the desire for reading grew upon him, but he read mechanically, until toward the last; and then I used to read aloud to him. Sometimes he would say, with a bright, glowing countenance, 'Now, Jenny, get one of Pipsey's stories, and do let me hear from her once more. You don't know how I enjoy it, for I seem to see the little, thin-faced, tow-headed girl, just as she was when we stood up to spell, or when we slid on the ice, or traded dinner, or played 'keep house' in the mornings and the noons, long, long ago at the old school-house. It is so strange that she ever became an authoress, for she was just like other little girls; she did not differ at all from any of them.'

"Well, I grew to liking you because poor father did, and if we had not lived so far apart, I would have written you and urged you to come and see him in his last sickness. My dear father! I cannot make it real that he is dead, that I shall never see his beloved face again! He was the kindest and best man I ever knew, and was so cheerful, until after mother died. I read one of your stories to him the day before his death, and he laughed, and said it would be better than any medicine if he could see the old home, and the hills, and the spring, and the church-yard, and the school-house, and the faces of the boys and girls. Then I said: 'O father, hurry and get well, and do let us go there and visit together, for the change would do us both good!' I will never forget how mournfully he turned and gazed upon me. I could not understand the expression of his eyes—it was different from any look they had ever worn before, and I thought they filled with tears, but I did not dare to let him know that I observed anything unusual. Then he said, if I never met you face to face, I must write, and tell you about both of us.

"Dear Pipsey, if you have time, won't you sit down and write me; tell me about dear papa when he was a little boy, and a big boy, and a young man; tell me all you can remember of him; of his little tricks, and adventures, and mishaps, and habits, and how he looked, and acted, and dressed, and what the other children said and thought of him, and how they liked him,

and how he stood in his classes in school and in his literary society. Everything you tell will interest me. Not a day passes in which I do not seem to see and hear him yet; I hear his laugh as it was once, and I hear his low moaning cry in the night, stifled and subdued, but full of sorrow, that he tried to shut up in his heart.

"I think I can trust you, Pipsey—I want to ask you, in confidence, a question that perplexes me a great deal, though I try to put it aside, and make myself believe that I have no right to pry into mysteries which the grave has closed over, and perhaps buried forever. Among papa's private papers, I found a sealed envelope, not directed, which I opened, and found inside a slip of wavy hair—a lady's hair without doubt—and a piece of thin, white goods, which might have been dress-goods, judging from the texture and quality.

"Are girls too ready to jump at conclusions? 'Did pa ever care for any girl before he met my mother?' is a query that comes to me frequently when I sit alone, beside his desk and among his books. One day I asked myself, adding, 'who shall tell?' when instantly, quick as a flash, my thoughts flew to you to solve the mystery. Not that I am a dreamer, but really I did think poor papa's spirit, divining my anxiety, had suggested you, the playmate of his childhood, the friend of his young manhood, to answer the question. I am very sure indeed that I violate no principle of honor in seeking to unveil the past, for he never dishonored his fair name and character; do you think so? Then do please write and tell me all you can think of about poor, dear papa; I will be so glad, and so grateful.

"Ever yours, JENNY DEAN."

Now it is so like a story, a real romantic made-up story—the reply I would make to Jenny's letter, that I concluded to answer it out loud, and let the other girls hear it. I am quite sure if I were young—a girl again—my eyes would open very wide and delighted over the prospect of such a "really true" story.

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—Your letter saddened and interested me. It was so kind of you to write me, Pipsey, the friend of your father. I am glad to tell you all I know about him; little things that will amuse you as they would no other person. The first time I ever saw 'Vesty' Dean, as we school children called him, was the morning of the first day he came to our school. His father's family lived on the bank of the creek about half a mile below the school-house. That morning, I remember, I went to school rather early, on account of trading quilt-patches with Kiss Cline, and to get the doll's bonnet that Mary Caroline Carrol had promised to bring me, sure. As I went out from among the paths through the hazel thicket, in sight of the play-ground, I saw a little fair-haired boy in trousers and gingham apron, sitting aloof, looking at the larger boys who were playing at standing on their heads, and turnin somersaults

and such smart things as growing boys are apt to do. I stepped along up, and stood in front of the little fellow, and when I saw who he was, I said, in thoughtless amazement: 'Why, if here isn't Dean's baby.'

"It was not the proper salutation, for the young man was in his fifth year, but I, who was 'five going on six,' was astonished at his diminutive stature, his round, rosy, dimpled face, double chin, hands that had the appearance of having been stung and badly swollen, and of the little bib-apron that signified babyhood. His red mouth began to pout and twitch with emotion, his fingers began to creep together compactly, indicative of little balls of fists, and his pretty blue eyes stared at me intently, as he replied, 'The baby's at home in the by-by; I'm goin' to be a big man. I know A and O, and I can sthpell Thilvester.'

"Well done,' I answered, patronizingly; 'let's hear you spell Sylvester,' and I felt the twinkle wrinkling my eyelids.

"A-v-i-o, Thilvester,' he said, and he looked as though he thought he had convinced me of his wonderful attainments.

"I screamed with laughter, and clapped my hands, for I was certain the word required more letters than that.

"I can sthpell mammy, too,' he said, delighted.

"Do spell it then, Bubby; that's a little man,' I replied.

"A-v-i-o, mammy,' he spelt, with eagerness, and his eyes fairly stuck out, he was so proud.

"By this time a bevy of little maidens had gathered around, and we reveled in the fun of hearing Dean's baby spell. He spelt the names of all his brothers, and sisters, and 'danpa and danma,' and the names of their horses, and cows, and cats, and the two dogs, and then all the names we pronounced, and our merriment was without bounds, and we made the hills and valleys ring with our jubilant rejoicing. We kissed him, and patted him, and questioned him, and he said he would be 'the baby,' when we played among the hazels at noon.

"I have very pleasant recollections of Vesty's childhood. He was so ingenious. He did not understand the customs at school, and it was sometime before he could be made to believe that dinner-baskets were not common property—that lunch did not belong to all alike. His mother would say, evenings, after he'd gone home from school: 'Why don't you eat your bread and milk, son?' and son would sputter out. 'Oh, I had too much pie a'ready.' The mother would assure him that he meant crullers or bread and cheese, for that was what she had put up for his dinner, but he demurred and said, 'It was lots of pie—mince, and apple, and pumpkin.'

"One evening, when he went home from school, the seal of the bread and jam-juice was across his fat, round cheeks, and on questioning and cross-questioning, he said he ate his dinner out of all the baskets. It was fun for the children, and they were glad to contribute to Vesty's happiness; but he never did the like again.

"One day, for some trifling misdemeanor, the teacher tied a string round Vesty's arm for punishment, remarking, 'I would not be obliged to tie you fast, only that you are a bad boy, and deserve to be punished.'

"An hour or two afterward, he wandered down to the village spring, where old Aunt Suzy, a colored woman, was washing. She liked the child—Dean's baby—and said, 'W'y is dat you, Si'vester Dean! come right 'long wid ye, chile, and sot down, honey, an' visit wid yer old aunty! Laws, I ha'n't seen ye or yer mammy for a coon's age, an' it kind o' warms my pore old heart to git 'long-side of ye, blessed lam! Sot right down on the pile o' dirty cloes, honey, and lem me look at ye!'

"He held up his little arms, and said, 'I can't sit down, don't ye see I'm tied fast!'

"Suzy laughed broadly over this little incident as long as she lived.

"Then I remember how he looked as he grew taller and older, and stood up, straight as a new pin, in the spelling class, with the tips of his dear little dirty toes right on 'the mark'—which was a crack in the floor, and his arms folded on his breast as though he had taken old Naaman in the school-reader for an example.

"In this class we all used to chew peppermint for tobacco—all the girls who were hoydenish tom-boys, and all the boys who wished to be manly, and chew like their fathers. Be sure some of the little girls were proper, and never climbed trees, and rode saplings for untamed colts, or played shinny, or hung to the big boys' coat-tails on the ice, but I can tell you, the daughter of my old school-mate, 'Vester Dean, in the rude, but forcible language of Mother Bickerdyke, the nurse of the boys in the army, 'twa'n't never me.'

"And I feel a warmth steal over my face, and I laugh a little when I tell you that I was the first girl 'Vester ever approached in the character of a beau. It was at an apple-paring at Uncle Henry's. He chose me when we played 'steal partner,' and he dropt the twisted handkerchief behind me in the play of 'lost my glove,' and in playing 'who's got the button,' he gave it to me every time. And in 'forfeits,' he kissed me unctuously, and, though I struggled with a fiery face, and nervous jerky arms, he would kiss me in spite of my shame and blushes.

"We were half way out to the road, the girls and I, when an elbow touched me, and his voice, hurried and husky, repeated the form that all rustic laddies used: 'May I see you safe home to-night, miss?' And I, Pipsey, why I was so scared that I threw up both hands, and positively screamed, as if I had seen a live mouse; and at the top of my voice, its shrillest pitch, I cried out: 'Oh, no! no!'

"The boy, abashed and mortified, not knowing what he did, broke like a frightened deer, and ran with all his might up hill and down, and over the bridge, and round the pond, and across the bottom where the flags and mint grew in swampy patches. And he never slackened his speed until he came to where the creek goes under the drift, and there he lay down on a white sycamore log, and plunged his

poor hot head into the cooling waves, and splashed the water up into his crimson face and on his beating neck.

"I slept very little that night. I thought I was going into a fever—a brain fever—and maybe I would die raving, and my family would find out my secret; and then what?"

"It must have been a month before we talked together, and then I was so shy that matters were only made worse. We met one night in the street—a cold, clear, snowy night; he was going home from grammar school and I from prayer-meeting when we met. He inquired about the health of my family, and I asked how he was getting along cutting cordwood; and he told how many turkeys they sold Christmas, and I told how many dozens of tallow-candles my mother and my Aunt Polly dipped in one day. He asked if I saw any pretty girls at meeting—prettier than the one standing before him; and I asked in reply if the dead-fall below the bars was his father's, and if they caught a good many rabbits this winter, and if the milk ever froze in their new cave. Oh, the shy children that we were—nice, honest, country boy and girl!

"After that time, I was so afraid he would ask me again, that I grew faint during the benediction at evening service, and felt as if I wanted a smell of good, strong camphor. But, though he stood beside the door holding his hat in both hands, with his eyes bright as jewels, and his teeth set hard, he could not screw his courage up to the sticking-point.

"Afterwhile he went away to school, and I did not see him very often. I remember one evening, however, when Vesty, then a young man of full stature, a promising student, visited our literary society. The president of the society was paying polite attention to me then; he was our school-teacher, and he was jealous when Vesty came in and shook hands with me. We two sat down and conversed, and the stormy, gray eyes of the village pedagogue glared at us angrily. Before society adjourned, he had the satisfaction of saying something insulting and ungentlemanly to my old school-mate, and I resented it to the best of my ability, which was accomplished by going home before adjournment.

"That closed the performances, with a snap almost, and my revenge was augmented after I had retired that night, by hearing a groan in the street, below our bed-room window. I nudged my sister and said: 'Well, good for him; let him insult poor Vesty if he likes the recompense!'

"The next winter your father taught our school. I recall one funny incident that he never understood. One evening he was walking home with the village belle and myself. We had to pass within ten feet of her door. It was a very dark and drizzling night, and when near her house, he handed me the lantern and the umbrella, and said: 'You stand here until I take her to the door.'

"I stand in the street like a post, and allow my beau to gallant another lady! Never! As soon as they turned the corner, I put out the light and started

on a run in the direction of home. The wind came down the creek valley like a tornado, and caught into the huge cotton umbrella and turned it inside out; and there I was in pitchy darkness, carrying an old dead lantern, and an umbrella tipped up and out until it was a trial and a burden, and as unwieldy as a bulky flag-staff. How I got home I hardly know, feeling my way by inches, and running upon straddling fence-stakes and jutting riders, both on the right and on the left. I kept myself in good humor, however, by thinking how charmingly I had outwitted the man who would ask me to stand in the street while he escorted 'that other girl' home.

"Then, a year or two afterward, when Vesty was visiting in our neighborhood, he sent me a note asking for a private interview on a certain evening. Like Barkis, 'I was willin';' but when the evening came, one of the children in our family was sick unto death, and the interview was not, and Vesty went away to school, and we did not meet for two years. At the end of that time he was in the neighborhood again, and I had a party to which he was invited. When the boys and girls went home, he lingered; we all sat and visited until late; the children, one by one, went to bed, and we were left alone. It was a cold night, and the fire burned low in the little fireplace, and the room began to be chilly and uncomfortable; but we conversed glibly as we sat, one in each corner, in the dim light that flashed up occasionally from the sticks that had fallen close together. We talked of old times; we followed the tide of our years from our earliest school-life up to the present. He told me of his plans, and hopes, and aspirations. His language waxed eloquent. His aims for the future were high, and noble, and excellent. His chair slid nearer to mine; the flashes of light were fitful and fewer; the white film of ashes crept slowly over the red embers; the objects in the room grew more indistinct; the little row of books was barely discernable; the bunch of blue yarn in skeins that hung on the wall looked like a mere parcel; and my winter hood with the pink face-lining, gave no token in the gray light of what manner or fashion of wearing apparel it was.

"Just here a halloo was heard from the street; father was asleep, and though the hailing was repeated again and again, in a sonorous, nosey voice, it did not wake him, and I went to the door and answered the call."

"It was a preacher, with his wife and child and his feeble mother-in-law, desiring to tarry among some of the brethren. It saved a bill at the hotel. Vesty only stayed long enough to help carry the old lady into the house, and to assist father in stabling the horses.

"My heart sank within me. Must these things be!

"After a good deal of trouble, re-arranging places for lodging our guests, and packing our family into smaller and more uncomfortable quarters, I stood alone leaning my head on the mantel, and looking down into the smouldering fire. The white ashes crept over the dying coals. They gave out no warmth,

no light. They seemed to symbolize my own self.
Ah me! with us all, at one time or another,

'Some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes.'

"You ask about the tress of woman's hair you found among his papers. It would, no doubt, sound very romantic if I could tell you that 'a tale hangs thereby.' But I cannot believe your father ever met with any one whom he loved with an affection abiding until he met your mother. I do remember a pretty brown-eyed lass whose escort he frequently was at parties and picnics, but I think it was only because she was handsome, and graceful, and dressed well. And, I might as well tell you, little one, her mother's dinners were superexcellent, and their winter apples were the finest grown in this section of the country. These are little things, but to a young man who likes sprightly society, and these creature comforts thrown in, they weigh well in the balance, and are no trifling inducement, all other things being equal.

"The hair might have been a cousin's or a friend's, or perhaps some sentimental girl, not understanding the proprieties of social life, may have sent it to him unsolicited and undesired. I am sure such things are done sometimes, for not long since, in looking over an old desk whose nooks and crannies have been long deserted and forgotten by the young man who owned it, we came upon a great, puffy, spongy, red flannel heart, sent as a Valentine, and, thrust mercilessly right through the saw-dust centre, was an arrow made out of a large pin that the cars had run over and flattened into desired shape. It would not require a very vivid imagination to solve the figurative emblem—a heart riven, pierced by a dart from Cupid's bow.

"I thank you for writing to me. I am glad to look back to the far-away past, to let

'My thoughts drift over the years,'

and to jot down these little reminiscences for your pleasure, and perhaps your profit. I am glad, as the feet of your dear father went down the 'way that men call death,' that his thoughts went back to the past, and he found joy and solace in the memory that brought the light of other days around him. He and I might have been lovers had the fates so willed it. Several times in our lives it seemed the finger of destiny pointed that way, but

'The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.'

It is the trifles of our lives that are the main-springs.

"Write again, your letters will do me good. Sometimes I am glad to have this pleasant routine broken upon so cheerily. It swings me back to childhood, and I forget the joy and sorrow that is pressed into the intervening years. Too often,

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'When I remember all the friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.' "PIPSEY POTTS."

THE STUDENT OF UPSALA.

MISS HOWITT, in her "Life of Frederika Bremer," tells the following story, which is so pleasant and good that it ought to be true, although it is by no means new:

There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed: "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said: "It is impossible! Thou an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare! It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter: "It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply," and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing, the young girl went to church, and afterward told her father of the encounter.

The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanor at once favorably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since.

HER LUCK.

A TALE OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

EVERY one said she must have been born with a "silver spoon in her mouth." Everything seemed to come out just right for her. Yes, she was a lucky little witch, that Beta Carey! From the day that the bonny blue eyes first opened to the light of this queer old world, until the present, when they smiled enchantingly at the "sweet will" of the owner, the fair girl had always been loved and petted, always shielded from aught that could harm. John Carey was a practical man, not averse to the good things of life. An orphan, with no funds beside a thorough education given by an uncle, he had, like many another youth, "gone West" to make a fortune. Indomitable energy and perseverance, aided, perhaps, by the luck which later befriended his daughter, won him success. He married an intellectual Chicago lady, who had also wealth, thereby increasing an already plentiful store. The couple now moved to New York, where they were speedily received among the *élite*, and where their wonderful(?) Beta came to them. Beta, as a baby, had the best of care and affection, you may be sure. Beta, as a child, was humored beyond all imaginings. As a school-girl, Beta, still the sole darling of her parents, continued recipient of all they could give; and now Beta, as a young lady—pretty, merry and loving—why, Beta was simply supreme! Nor did the blithe creature seem spoiled by this process of unlimited indulgence. She had "little ways" about her; some slight air of maidenly tyranny at times, even; but, then, it was Beta Carey, you know! For—I declare if I hadn't all but forgotten to tell you!—the charms of Beta ruled not her own household only, all men (and women, too, strange to relate) gave way to their sweet sway; so that, when the aforesaid "silver spoon" was mentioned, it was not in a spirit of envy, rather in one of wondering admiration and approval.

But we must away to our tale. When the Paris Exposition opened, and the great New York steamers moved off freighted with American pleasure-seekers, Mr. Carey and lady soon discovered the sentence, pronounced by the potent will of Miss C., to be, "We go;" and so, of course, they went.

Several acquaintances accompanied the Careys. There was one family, rich like themselves, smart like themselves, and with one adored and adoring child like themselves; but with this difference—the pet of the Manfreds was of masculine instead of feminine gender; a Philip instead of a Beta. (Note.—Philip thought Beta the personification of all that was lovely, while Beta professedly thought Philip quite the reverse.) There was another family, poorer, and consequently blessed with more children. Moreover, the Townsends were not grown, but young urchins, full of mischief and child-like whims; they were the torment of all on board excepting Beta, who bewitched them as she bewitched every one else, and who seemed to delight in all their ways. There was

a curious maiden lady, who was sick the whole passage, and the picture of woe whenever she came upon deck, and, with her, a poodle dog, declared by Beta to be just the nicest one she ever had seen yet. There was, in short, the usual society medley of an ocean steamer; there were the usual storms and frights, the usual pleasures, and, at last, the usual thanksgiving at sight of land. (Note 2d.—Philip had proposed, and been rejected. He vowed he would slay himself, but decided to wait until he arrived at Paris; perhaps because he deemed it romantic to die in the suicidally famous old Seine.)

Beautiful Paris! Beta Carey was not the first American girl enchanted by thee! Not the first, but one of the most earnest and enthusiastic. She saw things to dislike, it must be admitted; and our heroine's aversions were strong as her affections. But, as a whole, Paris was a city "after her heart;" and, walking among its palaces and gardens, upon its gay boulevards, and around the "Trocadero" and its surrounding Buildings of Exhibits, dreams of things possible came thicker and thicker, and assumed yet airier and lovelier shapes. What if she might live here always? What if some noble Parisian (alas! for Philip) should sue for her little hand? Beta was not conceited above other girls, but how could she avoid the knowledge of her power? Could she fail to perceive that already the little, bright-haired New Yorker was accounted a belle in Paris?

Two months passed by, and a Parisian—moneyed, handsome, well-educated—did, in effect, offer all to Miss Carey. He made his advances gradually, which is scarcely the French fashion; but Monsieur le Combè had the sense to discern the dubious state of the lady's mind. (Note 3d.—And Philip! Not drowned! Oh, no! that was still postponed, but daily growing whiter, thinner and gloomier-looking, as Beta uneasily observed.)

Well, what about it? Had not the child her desire? Le Combè, we have said, was rich, intelligent, attractive; he was not bad, so far as she knew; and she liked him. Then why this hesitation? Silly girl! To pray for a boon, then doubt if to accept it! (O white face of Philip, be gone from her dreams!) Beta wandered about the Exposition with less interest than at first. There was much to admire, much to rejoice one of her cultured taste and ardent nature; but she had more weighty matters to consider. It was a novel thing to behold the face of Beta clouded; and at the great Exposition, too! Yet clouded it assuredly was.

Beta was searching her heart, that she might find if there were love for the monsieur there. (Of course there was none for Philip!) She was tempted by circumstance, by the practicable realization of her new-born hopes; but beneath all the gayety a true heart-beat, and the woman it was that questioned, will you marry, dare you marry, without love?

It was a hot August evening. Beautiful at sunset, since then a fierce thunder-gust had broken over the city—such a gust as had not been known all summer. The Careys sat in their elegant rooms at the Hotel

B——, and Mr. and Mrs. Manfred, whose apartments adjoined, sat with them. Their son, they said, had gone out to boat an hour before, but doubtless would notice the coming of the storm, and find shelter in time. (Odd, but these tidings sent a terror through Beta, such as the tempest had failed to arouse.)

Another hour, and the winds and the rain are content. The black clouds scatter, ashamed to remain in the light of the rising moon. Timid hearts grow reassured. Some of them, rather; for now the parents of the absent young man wonder at his non-appearance. Each moment the mother's anxiety increases. The father says less, but he, too, is becoming concerned. Philip had promised that evening, after a certain hour, to them.

A step on the stairs. Not Philip's; no, but the Monsieur le Combè's. And the monsieur's scared face only adds to the consternation.

"What is it?" exclaims Mrs. Manfred, catching his outstretched hand.

"A body," he stammers, "at the morgue. I have not seen—but some one—they tell me—it is the body of your son."

Great God, be merciful!

We speak not of the mother's anguish, of the father's wild rush from the house with Mr. Carey and the French lover of Beta; not of the friendly grief and sympathy of Mr. Carey's wife. There is, in front of the moonlit window, a figure upon which to look and be dumb. Poor Beta! Bowed to the floor, in the attitude of utter despair, her blanched face pressed closely, fiercely upon the small white hands. No tears; no sobs; nothing, saving the vision of a broken heart! For the young spirit, blind unto this moment, suddenly sees why the love has not come for Le Combè; why the sorrow of Philip has been ever before her; why—the why of it all! And now, just as she loves him, he has been taken away! Now the storm has turned robber, murderer, or, mayhap, worse than that. Pain had crazed him, and he has fulfilled his threat. At last, then, the luck of Beta had failed!

Avaunt, ye gloomy reflections! Return sunny hope and rapturous joy!

The three men, all anxious, but only two really grieved, made their hurried way to that earthly Hades—the morgue. There, among bodies beautiful and ugly, whole and mutilated, fresh and death-marred, they found the form of which they had heard. Oh, the torture of that father as he approaches nearer and nearer—one look to settle the fate of his life! The look is given; a cry, not of anguish, rings through the desolate place, for, behold! it is not his, but the Philip of another lies lifeless there.

Hastening back with the joyous tidings, they are preceded by young Mr. Manfred, who enters his lodgings all unconscious of the terror therein, and simply intent upon the report he must give, of a boat torn from its moorings on the river, a search in the country—whither he had gone, and where he had awaited the cessation of the storm—for another, and a consequent tardy return.

Great, therefore, his surprise, on knocking at Mr. Carey's door, to be met by Beta's mother with tear-stained face, to see his own beloved parent stretched pallid upon a lounge, and especially to behold the pathetic attitude of Beta—the cheerful, the easy, the fortunate Beta. But he had brief time for surprise. The delighted woman who received him soon conveys to the two mourners the knowledge of his presence, and then what a scene there is! Philip's mother has him in her arms, and while he returns her caresses, and Mrs. Carey explains the cause of her grief, the young man's eyes joyfully follow the retreating Beta, whose beatified face strives vainly not to tell the tale of the loving heart.

(Note 4th, and last.—Philip, glad to take up his residence in the city where he had won his choicest treasure, grants this wish of his betrothed; and two months later the bride and groom return to America on a visit only, expecting by winter to be settled in their beloved Paris. As for the poor monsieur, he is truly grieved; but he scarcely loved with the love of the long-depreciated Philip, and he will outlive the loss of lucky little Beta.)

K12.

CURRAN.

ONE morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman traveling upon mercantile business came running down-stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage-coach in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing a shabby little fellow leaning against the doorpost, he hailed him, and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveler cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trousers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming: "Oh, never mind, make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job; my name, sir, is John Philpott Curran—pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveler never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun.

Mother's Department.

QUARRELING.

"THEY'RE not like other people's children!" I have heard a mother exclaim. "They are always quarreling!"

Was it any wonder? This question might well be asked in contemplating the two pictures here presented.

A little girl was sitting down quietly, drawing figures on a slate. Her pencil, a nice, long one, caught the eye and pleased the fancy of her brother, who, being the stronger, snatches it from her, and walked toward the door with it. The little girl called to her mother, receiving, in consequence, a pair of boxed ears for disturbing her parent, while the young robber, with a gesture of triumph, walked off unmolested.

Several children were digging little gardens, when one appropriated and marked off a space larger than any of the others, encroaching upon their share of the plot. Their indignant appeal brought upon the scene an irate parent, who punished them all for making a fuss; and then, with a hoe, destroyed all the gardens to prevent any trouble about them in the future.

Cases so aggravated in disregard of principle, may not occur every day. But it is the easiest thing in the world for those in absolute authority over children to do them keen injustice. And they soon find, by experience, that parents very often like their own ease better than judicious watchfulness, and hate to be disturbed, and that an appeal to law is useless, often bringing punishment for causing such disturbance. So, as a matter of course, they take the law into their own hands. If the weaker would submit quietly and tamely to the tyranny of the stronger, silence might be kept, and the parents not annoyed. But they will not do it. It is not in human nature to see the best of everything wrenched from us and make no sign. So, in sooth, they must resist interference and express their dissatisfaction—and as in all probability the most aggrieved will make the most noise, they will receive the castigation, and those really deserving it will take advantage of the confusion to make good their escape, and get off scot-free.

It cannot be otherwise. Injustice of parents, whether thoughtless or deliberate, will separate the children into two parties—the domineering and the cowed. And the inevitable result will be constant quarreling as the order of the day. This is all wrong. It may be a little difficult at first, and a great trial to the patience to listen carefully to every story, and adjust each difficulty with strict impartiality—but it is the only true way, and the way that will pay best in the end.

Life, to children, is a serious business. They have not the philosophy and experience to know how to take joy or sorrow as it comes, nor to feel that little is worth fretting about. They have keen perceptions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, and they expect those older and wiser than themselves to be so much better than they very often are, looking eagerly to them for strength and knowledge. Yet, loyal little hearts, long after their examples have deceived and disappointed by littleness and inconsistency, they still hope and believe. No matter how weak, any one

who shows a sincere interest in a child's welfare may always be sure of its affection. And it lies with parents to make all memories of childhood sweet, brightened with their loving, just care.

M. B. H.

"BE GENTLE WITH THE LITTLE ONES."

PARENTS, be gentle with the little ones; the little, wayward, loving, lovable children; be gentle, be very tender and wise. Childhood is brief. Only a few years, and the days dawn no longer in rainbow tints; only a few years, and the woodland fairies flit away; only a few years, and the grass and flowers lose their mystical language; only a few years, and the clouds will be clouds, floating vapor—not white ships, birds of paradise, or shining angels; only a few years, and the enchantment that once brooded over all things will be destroyed; only a few years, and the laughing, fun-loving, precious children will have passed through the magic realm of childhood, and we shall miss them, sadly, oh! so sadly. For the big boys, and almost young ladies, are not at all like the trim little figures that so often broke in upon our quiet hours, and utterly routed the grandest thoughts that ever presumed to come in contact with our slow-going pen.

Yes, be gentle, be patient with them; laugh and frolic with them; gather flowers and mosses; listen to the fairies singing softly among their leafy tents, (though your dull ears will never catch the fine strain, I know,) but listen all the same. The children hear their songs, in voice of bird, or chirp of insect, or in the passing wind.

Be gentle, throw aside the coveted book, for childhood is brief. Join their sports, make the bright hours brighter, for with every hour one golden link of life's morning drops away. Dear, loving, little ones, Heaven bless them, and keep their spotless souls safe from the stains of guilt and crime!

Be gentle. In after years your tender forethought for their happiness will come to them, and perhaps come when all the world seems dark. Some royal June day, full of rare glories, and precious memories will seem to unfold, as a wonderful picture, before eyes heavy and tearful; one such a memory may save a soul from years of anguish.

Be gentle; correct their faults with love unspeakable dwelling in your hearts, a love that would remove every thorn from their pathway, if that were wisest. Remember harsh measures have caused unutterable sorrow in many a home. Ah! father, mother, why should you wound those tiny hands, because the little one has offended? Why inflict pain? Will pain cure an evil temper, or sudden passion? Be gentle and wise—be a true parent. In years to come, think you, that mild-eyed daughter, that manly son, will love you better, because in childhood you made them suffer bodily pain, to teach them to control an evil temper? Ah me! I think there are many who would give untold wealth, if they possessed it, if thereby they could blot out the cruel memory of a blow inflicted by a parent's hand—that strong, loving hand, that should have led them firmly and tenderly to the right. Parents be gentle.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 33.

THE year grows rich in its beauty, as if nature, seeing it about to depart, lavished upon it earth's best gifts, to show her appreciation, and—if that were possible—beguile it into a longer stay. But swiftly, swiftly, its loveliest days glide away. It seems incredible that a year has passed through all its changing cycle, since last I watched the leaves on the hillsides turn to crimson, and gold, and brown, and saw the purple asters and golden-rod blooming along the country road. The summer garden-flowers are dead, but the bright chrysanthemums, which brave the early frosts, are doing their best to make up for the loss of their frailer sisters by a rich prodigality of bloom. The geraniums and salvias must soon be brought into the house, where they will brighten the bay-window for some time to come.

How strengthening these cool, bracing airs are, after the terrible heat which seemed so consuming through the past summer. So many frail, weak frames will rejoice in them, and gather fresh life and force as they drink in the morning breeze. And my own strength, increasing so encouragingly as it has been doing all the year, receives new impetus, and I feel the life and vigor that I have not before for many a year.

It would be hard for any one who had not known it by experience, to understand the pride and pleasure one can feel in starting off unaided to walk across the street; or sometimes a little farther, to make a neighborly call; or in roaming about the yard, scissors in hand, cutting flowers and trimming dead leaves and flower-stalks off the rose-bushes. Now, too, I can occasionally venture up-stairs, and, looking from a western window, see the woods that I used to watch with such admiration each fall from the little cottage where we lived so long. Dearer to me than any others here are they, because of old memories and associations. Then, going to another room, and stepping out through the low window on to a balcony, I see the river winding slowly by, the cottonwood forests beyond, and the blue mountains in the distance, bathed in the soft Indian summer light. It calls to mind Keble's sweet old lines:

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sits 'round the autumnal sun,
But then sight fails—no heart may know
The bliss when life is done."

Ah! if the autumn of our lives could but be as peaceful and quiet as this autumn scene, how happy would be the dawning of that other, where the eternal spring-time begins.

The mountains make me think of a pleasant letter received not long ago from a young friend in an Eastern State, in which she described the mountains among which she had been sojourning during a summer trip, and the feelings it gave her to view them, rising upon every side—"the 'Eternal Hills' of our Father" crowned with glory. I believe she must feel somewhat as I do when looking at them—a sense of awe and reverence stealing into the heart, an uplifting of the soul in a vague yearning to reach those spiritual heights of which these earthly ones are typical; to go up into the mountain, as did the dis-

ciples at the call of their loving Master, and learn there those elevated thoughts, those divine truths, which we cannot see and understand while we walk in the valley, with eyes downward and thoughts engrossed entirely with the every-day matters around us.

Little Jessie calls me to the front door to look at the beautiful sunset—bars of gray and crimson, through which the golden disk has just dropped out of sight, and edges of brilliant light on the pale-tinted clouds which float above. As I watch them, listening to Lizzie's voice singing in the window near by, where she sits with her work, the light and color fade slowly away, leaving them dull and sombre—just as it will soon fade out of these beautiful leaves and flowers; just as it fades out of some lives which have known brightness and beauty, and are left dark and clouded. It is so hard to bid good-bye to all this loveliness; yet why should we grieve for its fleeting beauty, when things much more precious than the leaves and flowers have been lost to us here for aye.

"O autumn time, sweet autumn-time!

The year is dying, dying!

And for a world of sweet, dead things
These hearts of ours are sighing."

And what shall I say for thee, O pale, gray November! from whose life has been taken all brightness of leaf and flower, and warmth of Indian summer skies, and whose sighing winds are a fitting requiem for all lost beauty and joy? I was glad to see the summer depart, because of its intense heats, that seemed to scorch the blood in our veins, and its pestilential scourge which swept fair cities, and made mourning hearts in all parts of our land.

But the lovely autumn, with its bright foliage, its cool, health-giving breezes, and its soft Indian summer airs—it was sad to see it die. To watch the flowers droop and fade one after another, and their stalks lie dead and leafless on the dank earth. To give up the bright cypress and balsam vines, which had been such things of beauty all the summer and fall, and miss the blue morning-glories that looked in the door and window every morning. To see the glory depart from the forest leaves, of late so brilliant in their colors, bearing the prospect of their approaching death so bravely and cheerfully. Yet, O November! thou hast thy day of good cheer also, when the husbandmen sees the fruits of his labor, the riches of field and orchard, gathered into the barns and store-houses, and the hearts of all are made thankful for the bounty so liberally given this year. Then, as the days grow short and cold, it is pleasant to gather once more around a cheerful fire at evening. The stand is drawn out, with the lamp, books and papers upon it. Sometimes one of the circle reads aloud awhile from some interesting book, while the mother sits at her sewing, and the father rests in his arm-chair. Or perhaps the elder sister of the family—where there is one—plays on the piano or guitar, and younger ones join her in singing. Such happy family groups I have seen spending their evenings in this way.

I think that parents cannot be too careful to make home pleasant for their children, so that as they grow up they may not be forced to go out at night to find amusement.

The return of long evenings is favorable for the society meetings, which are both pleasant and profitable, and in which many like to engage when the day's employments are over. Some of our young people have a reading-club, which meets one evening in every week at the house of some one of the members, to read useful and entertaining literature. They find it both interesting and improving. Two chosen readers devote half an hour each to some book which they think will benefit or interest all. Sometimes, if it is particularly good, both read from the same work. Occasionally, if any one has a short poem or scrap of prose that is pretty or humorous, it is read in addition, as a dessert to the feast. After the reading is over, comments are usually made upon it by any one who chooses, and then the evening ends with a social chat.

Last winter they had a regular literary society, which met in a public hall. Both grown persons and children participated in the exercises, which consisted of reading short articles, recitations and music. But it did not meet the requirements of all, the children not being able to appreciate what would be of interest to mature and cultivated minds, and their exercises affording little that was edifying to the grown ones. Through the heat of summer the meetings had to be discontinued; and now they have organized two separate societies, and find it much better and more enjoyable for each.

The "Murphy" Temperance Society has been kept up through the summer in spite of hot weather. Some wanted an intermission of meetings while the evenings were so very warm and short; but the brave little band of workers at its head were steadfast in their determination not to let any hindrance be placed in their path of progress. Now, with cooler weather, they have larger attendance, and a hall of their own nicely fitted up. They have fine music, and a lecture at each meeting, besides some reading, so that it is made a pleasant place of recreation and profit for all who will go. This society has done much good in our town, and the harvest reaped this year through it will be the richest one gathered in our community from any kind of good work. With such a beginning, what may they not hope to accomplish during the next year, if they but labor faithfully. Sowing the seed early and late, tending it with judicious care and skill, whether

"Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure, shall the harvest be."

LICHEN.

THE MODEL WOMAN.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.—Proverbs.

BEAUTIFUL in the rosy light and golden glow, seemingly of the early morning of history, appears this fair picture of the perfect woman—the one woman of all others whom the honored mother of a royal son would desire to complete his happiness. The inspired poet, framing his picture in coloring of rainbows and radiance of jewels, was probably straining his vision to pierce the clouds overhanging the far-distant, blessed future, to find the most fitting accompaniment for his woman without blemish. So in addition to the glory of early morning, wreathing this beauteous vision we may well discern the gladsome light of our own day, gathered from it by the presence of a seer, and returned to us, with the inclosed treasure, as a gift

unspeakable. For, though for ages upon ages this noble character has been before the daughters of mankind, it has been only in these favored latter days of privilege and promise that the complete realization of the lovely ideal has been, to any extent, possible.

Through the impassioned rhapsody of portraiture, we will pierce down to the underlying, vital truth, and ask, In what age of the world, prior to our own, was such a woman as this upheld as a divine model?

It is only in these times that knowledge of anatomy, and physiology, and hygiene, has been spread among women, and with it the consciousness that ignorance is folly, and neglect sin, and that their tremendous responsibilities as women place them under solemn obligations to regard the well-being of their own bodies. We are told of the model woman, that "She girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms." "Strength and honor are her clothing, and"—as a natural consequence, when not a self-made invalid or prematurely old—"she shall rejoice in time to come."

From early days of church history, until quite recently, a disregard of personal appearance, backed by misunderstood apostolic injunction, has been considered a test of grace. Now it is well known that if the heart is right, beautiful garments, so far from detracting from real virtue, may even adorn it. But, over three thousand years ago, a wise woman received unequivocal praise for a proper pride in her becoming attire. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

Not only in ages past, but until within a century, child-like dependence and submissive ignorance were considered womanly virtues, and a liberal education was looked upon with dread and suspicion, as an enemy to feminine grace. Yet, not of a childish, dependent, submissive, ignorant woman could it possibly be said, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom."

For a woman to earn money, or transact any business outside of her own home, was an occasion of humiliation and disgrace under the old social conditions. But Solomon's woman is able to assist her husband and enrich her family, as we are abundantly shown. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently with her hands." "She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar." "She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

And immediately after we may properly learn that, contrary to a popular fear, she does not neglect her home duties because she has done something else. So far from it, that they receive her best and most continuous efforts. "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night." "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." "She is not afraid of the snow; for all her household are clothed in scarlet." "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

A modern idea it is also that a woman may absolutely hold her own property, or keep her own earnings, or wear her own laurels. But listen to this: "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Nor does her independence lead her away from her husband, nor does it set her at variance with him. No, she is an intelligent, loving companion, and at heart they are one. We learned before that,

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." We also find that "She will do him good, not evil, all the days of her life." "In her tongue is the law of kindness." "Her husband also, and he praiseth her."

He has not the petty fear that her glory will overshadow him, but he feels that it will add to his own. In his high place of honor, the praise of both attends him, for "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

Briefly, and we trust truly, have we enumerated the laudable acts and great opportunities of a true woman in the glad, new day. But whatever was good in the old will still flourish in immortal vigor. "She stretcheth forth her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy." This has been true of all virtuous women in all ages, and so it will ever be while there are poor to be helped.

And what a noble, what a satisfying reward is hers. The hearts of her own loved ones are hers forever; and though worldly honors and riches pass away, she will still receive human and divine encomium. "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Turning away from this sweet picture, let all women of desire, and taste, and will, and strength, living in a dull, heavy atmosphere, opposed to true culture and progress, take comfort. Let your advancement in the love of beauty, the yearning for humanity, the enriching of your intellect, the elevation of your souls, be what they may, you can always point with triumph to the model woman of the Bible as your example.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

GREETING.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Once more I knock at the door of this beautiful home. Give me a chair by the fireside, and let me join in your efforts to please and instruct. Together let us talk of life and its meaning. Together let us seek to understand aright its duties; to bear aright its responsibilities. As earnest, God-loving women, let us take up life's tangled threads and weave of them a web of beauty and harmony. Let us learn to see His guiding hand in all things—in our sorrows as in our joys, in the shadows as in the sunlight. Let us learn to lift ourselves more and more above the sordid cares and perplexities of work-day life, and be patient and true, and womanly everywhere.

Our walks in life may be different, but we all have one common object—that of making our homes good and pure, our lives above reproach. Separated though we are, and unknown to each other, except as we meet here, we may join hands in working for the good, the true and the beautiful—join hearts in love and good-will to all. Wherever our homes may be, whether in the "glorious West," the "sunny South," or among the rugged hills of the North and East, there are those around us in need of help and encouragement. There are weak ones we may help to strengthen, erring ones to be led back to paths of virtue and uprightness, desponding ones to cheer. Be it ours to help wherever there is need of help; ours to dispel dark clouds of doubt and unrest, and let the blessed sunlight shine through and touch each heart. Angels are the Father's heavenly messengers, but we may be His earthly ones. Clad in the armor of purity, with His love as a shield and helmet, where may not woman venture, what may not

woman accomplish? Live she ever so quietly, so that she lives purely, her influence and power are untold. Wherever a pure woman dwells, there rests the sure blessing of God; there holiest angels hover. The crystal streamlet flows not more surely from the full spring, bearing sunlit ripples upon its surface, carrying life and nourishment to the flowers and grasses, the stately trees lining its banks, than good influences flow from a true life with healing balm and life-giving nourishment for the great world beyond.

"All my soul gives manhood humble reverence." I would not underrate its great worth and beauty; but woman is the mother of nations. She it is who, more than any other, moulds the lives and characters of each new generation; she, more than any other, gives the slender twig the bend which coming years cannot take away. Oh, that we could realize more fully the sacredness of our calling! To the reverent eyes of childhood, mother is God. A mother's loving prayers and self-sacrifices, a sister's pleadings, a wife's devotion, are things which sink too deep in the heart to be forgotten. Live where she may, in town or country, in humble cot or palace, the true woman is queen. Let us not forget this.

As the old year dies and the new one begins, let us each begin a more earnest life. With the new year we shall find new blessings and cares, new opportunities. Let us be true to all that is best and noblest in our natures. So shall we be true to every one, and

"Make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

This world is but the portal of a fairer world. To gain a home there, we must live worthily here—must live in loving kindness with all, and in the spirit of that precept which bids us do unto others—unto all others, not a favored few—as we would have them do unto us.

Very glad and thankful am I that I am deemed worthy of a place among you. Fervently I pray that mine may be words of good cheer always, such as all may read with joy. Though not exempt from the cares and trials we all must know, my life is full of sunshine and blessing. Gladly I share it with others. Mine is a cheery faith, which I fain would give to all. From the flowers growing thick along my life-path, I gather roses and violets, lilies and daisies, and bring them here, laying them upon the home-altar, with the hope that their perfume, reaching the great world, may tell of hope and love; of the beauties and joys found only in honest living; in doing bravely and well whatever we are called to do, looking upward for strength and guidance.

The pen is so mighty, half have I feared to wield it. Yet surely I may trust the dear Father to guide and aid me in this, as in all other work. I have but to do my best always, and leave the rest with Him, assured that, if the seed I sow be good, good fruit will grow from it. So with hope for the future and gratitude for the past, I give you greeting and adieu.

EARNEST.

THY POOR NEIGHBOR.

NOT poor in the sense in which the words are commonly used, but poor in that best gift of Heaven—health, and the ability to rejoice in one's labor. "For that is thy portion of all the labor that thou takest under the sun." It is the labor, the active pursuit of whatever end we have in view that is the enjoyment. Not the ease and rest when the end is gained, as almost every one vainly imagines.

One whose life is a burden through pain and weak-

ness, can know little of this joy which comes to the busy, healthful, hopeful worker. Too often the latter is strangely heartless to the care of her poor neighbor. Sometimes she makes the load still heavier by sharp speeches, which some bird of the air will carry—a very dark-winged bird; and these censures are by far the heaviest part of the weight. "A wounded spirit who can bear."

How many a poor, weak mother has been goaded on to exertion that brought her to her grave by the sarcastic remarks of a neighbor about her "slack way" of doing work, her want of "faculty" in getting ahead, her want of efficiency in lying a-bed so late in the morning.

Many a sharp, smart housekeeper, with a stinging tongue of this sort, may have the sin of murder lying at her door when she least dreams of it. Not until her poor neighbor is actually in her grave can she begin to have charity for her; but she does not suspect how much she has done toward bringing her there.

The least we can do, in gratitude for our abundant health and strength, is to show the tenderest sympathy, the most loving helpfulness toward a poor, crushed heart which is bent to earth by a racked and suffering body. Never until it touches the bone and marrow of our own households shall we know what such sorrow is. But it will be a rare home where sickness does not one day enter in. J. McC.

LESSON AND LECTURE.

ONE of the girls eats noisily. I don't like it very well, either. A young lady should have no habits that could make her repulsive to any one. She should be lovable and attractive at all times, and under all circumstances. I said this to Clara, the other day, when I approached her gently on the subject, and she replied, that she thought eating was a kind of business that wouldn't bear close scrutiny at best; that under its most pleasant aspect, it was piggish, and not very creditable nor very pretty.

This started the conversation in that direction, and we had a good deal of merriment before we left the table. Esther told a funny story about the cousins from the city who visit her mother every summer. She said they put as much dignity into the mere biting of bread and butter, as some people would witness at the inauguration of a governor. Clara said, when her Uncle Lewis ate at their table, her mother always excused herself under some pretense, and waited, for Uncle Lew ate so noisily, that mamma was disgusted. He mixed, and fussed, and reached this way and that with a "Will you please pass the sauce?" "The pepper, if you please." "Is this vinegar?" "Most excellent bread, where do you get your flour ground?" "Veal or mutton?" "Good! gems are my choice!" "Guess I'll have to take another cup, but I don't often drink more than three." "Wonder if your cream isn't what makes the coffee so very excellent?" Well, we all thought that mamma did wisely to wait, and eat with the children, for what pleasure would there be dining with a man who saw nothing, knew nothing at the table, only to sit and stuff as prosily and blankly as though he were preparing a turkey for Thanksgiving.

The family board should be honored. It should be a shrine where no frown, or churlishness, or silence, or coldness should have place. It may, thrice a day, be made the scene of a festival, rarer and pleasanter than any picnic in the woods, or any sumptuous feast laid in gilded saloon. No matter how humble the repast, if kindly feeling goes with it;

the dinner of herbs, if flavored with love, and spiced with cheerfulness, is better than rich courses at a grand hotel, where strangers bolt and swallow amid the clatter of dishes and cutlery—hundreds who know nothing of each other, and who feed like crowding, pushing animals.

There is a peculiar charm in the cozy assembling around the table, that is found in no other gathering. Hunger is a leveler, and eating and drinking one of the most delightful pleasures. No one will attempt to disguise the innocent satisfaction there is in eating, in surrounding the family board, and the pleasantest picture is that of a cheerful dining-room assemblage where the father and mother, and brothers and sisters, partake cheerily, and as though it did them good. It is then that the laugh and joke are the merriest, and it seems sometimes that the very cups and spoons jingled in laughing unison. We recall many pleasant table visits—especially those of our childhood, when we used to go to Aunt Patty's to stay all night. There was a large family, but the table was long and wide, and never so full, but room could be made for another; the preacher, or the doctor, or the squire, or the poor traveler, or the shrewd neighbor out hunting his steers, who "chanced" to drop in at meal-time. Uncle John, at one end of the table, could fold his limbs compactly, and his twelve boys and girls would follow his cordial and courteous example.

But Josephine made us all ha-ha! when she told about her sister-in-law, Alice. She said, in her father's family they always enjoyed their rarest visits while at the table, but when John, her brother, married over on the mountain, and brought his wife home, a new element was introduced.

Alice knew not the charm there was in table-talks, and yet she felt it obligatory upon herself to try and be "like folks." How she did annoy them with her noisy, wordy warfare against prim conventionalism, we could infer from Josie's recital.

"The first day at dinner, father was telling about a poem called 'The Silent City,'" said Josie, "and Alice broke in with, 'Do tell me, girls, how you get your pickles so green? Do you let them simmer slowly in a brass kettle in the vinegar? That always greens pickles.' She was assured that we never used brass or copper-ware in making pickles. Conversation started up again, father talking as usual, when she spoke up, 'Do you churn cream or strappings?' After she was satisfied on that point, and when the next lull occurred, she said: 'Now, I never make my jelly like you do, Jo; I can see by this, that you let it remain on the stove too long! You see, as soon as it begins to thicken, I put it in the cups, and bowls, and jelly-glasses, and stand them out in the sunshine, and let them go it. The heat of the sun will make nicer jelly than boiling will. I have made it so clear that you could see to read the almanac through it. I've read many a time about the changes of the moon through my jelly-glasses, just to see if I could.' 'Proper good mince-pie this,' she said, when the pie was passed to her.

"I told her it was the first mince-pie that ever Dolly, my youngest sister, made. She took a few bites—test-bites, they were—and looking over at Dolly, who sat amused and amazed, she said, slowly, 'Ye-e-s, this will do very well for the first.' 'Do you make your own butter in the winter?' she asked.

"We replied that sometimes we did and sometimes we didn't.

"I was going to say," she added, "that if you were pestered with the butter not coming, and were obliged to scald it, you must be certain, sure, that the water is boiling. Half the women who make white, frothy

butter, only scald the cream with hot water, instead of boiling."

"And here that little woman kept on with her babble; discussing every article of food she ate, in a way that we, the family of the new bridegroom, could hardly tolerate. She was rare—we had never been brought in close contact with any person like her."

"Our table-talks were varied, when she dined with us. The old habits were changed. Alice was a good woman, and we all liked her, but her peculiarities were singular, and we never could quite assimilate."

Josie's story was so funny, and withal so kindly told, that if Alice had been one of us, she could not have taken offense.

Our table-talks sometimes are "good enough to put in the papers," if they were reported correctly, and put in proper shape.

That reminds me of a good joke I have on one of the girls—I won't tell which one. She has an idle, aimless, thoughtless habit of growling, or complaining, when she could just as well say something pleasant, or, say nothing at all. I had spoken to her once about it, and told her I was afraid the habit would grow into something serious; that perhaps she would become a chronic growler, and in the time to come darken a home, and embitter its domestic happiness.

"Oh, no! she wouldn't—never—she didn't growl. Oh, no! Aunt Chatty was mistaken; she was captious; she only imagined; she was a fussy woman, who expected old heads on young shoulders, and wisdom in a girl whose years were yet in their teens."

I said nothing, but sharpened my pencil, and slid it into my note-book, and thought "we'll see."

The first time she growled, I jotted it down on a new, clean page in my book, and put the mark in there. After a fortnight, I thought the dose was large enough, and one day, when she was sitting moping by the window, gazing out upon one of the most gorgeous October days, green and gold, the hills with trees like flames of scarlet, shooting up among the wooded knolls, I could endure it no longer, and so I slipped the book before her without a word, and allowed her to read the caption. She started, laughed, winced a little, and I sat down in front of her and began to read aloud the sayings of my poor, little, growling girl-boarder.

"Plague on these orations! I think old Cicero had a good deal of self-conceit—pity when he was buried, that his orations hadn't been buried with him!" "Oh, dear! oh, dear! to think that I must write another essay for Friday afternoon! Why the Fridays come so fast, they seem to chase one another like kittens!" "No, I won't! I'll wear my wet slippers just for spite. Strange thing that I must change 'em every time I get caught in a shower or step out of the path into the dew!" "The old Hunks! that's what he is! Now, father knows well enough that I need money pretty often. He's just stingy, so he is; tight as a brick—and I mean to write a real saucy letter, and tell him so, too. I've got to hold my head up as well as the other girls, and it requires money." "Oh, my! I had such troubled dreams last night. I thought I was at church at St. Paul's, and had no shoes on, and I was so 'shamed, I crept into a seat, and drew all up like a canary. I don't know what it signifies, but it means something bad, that's certain. Such dreams always forebode ill with me." "No, I've no appetite, and my head is heavy, and my pulse wiry, and my tongue coated, and I do feel miserable! I suspect I'll be clear down sick." "Everything goes wrong with me. Yesterday I sprained my ankle, and last night I lost my gloves, and this morning I can't make my

ugly old sorrel hair stay done up. It comes slipping down every five minutes. And to make matters even worse yet, Bob Curtiss bowed to me on the street, and he had no right to do it! He's nice enough for all I know, but no gentleman will bow first; it is the lady's place to give the nod of recognition. No fellow should thrust his conceited idea of politeness forward that way!" "There! that's the second time I've dropped grease on this dress! It is too bad. I try to be careful, and to study economy, and yet all the bad luck falls to my share. Now, if it had been Lottie, or Mary, or Margie, it wouldn't have been so bad; but only think of my best black cashmere, with a grease spot on it!" "Professor meant me, I know he did! he looked at me as if he'd bite me! That's just the way; let me study, and study, and if I fail once, or make one error in translation, he notices it instantly, and the reprimand follows." "I'll go if I have to walk—see 'f I don't! When I say I'll go home, I mean it, so I do. Now if it had been one of the boys away, father would have sent for him in a minute. He always cared more for the boys than for us girls." "Why, what will people say! You know as well as I do, that we have to keep up appearances. I do many a thing just for the looks of it, and because I don't want to be called eccentric. One might as well be out of the world, as out of the fashion." "People are so queer. You never know whether to believe one or not. They will say a thing, and do another; will smile, and pretend to be your friend, and they hate you all the time" "Ah, that's the way—blame me; of course, I'm the one in the fault. Other girls can talk with their beaux on the portico half an hour in the moonlight, and nobody ever peeps, but let me pause long enough to catch my breath, and some one runs to the professor with it, and I am reprimanded before all the students!"

Long before I finished reading this, the girl's eyes were flashing, and misty, and angry, and penitent, and a dozen different expressions had flitted over her countenance. She jumped toward me, and caught round my neck, and hid her face, and whispered, "What made you do that? don't you see how 'shamed it makes me?"

"Well," I replied, "I did it for your good. Words mean a great deal, dear, don't they? they're a kind of currency that shouldn't be lightly dealt in. We all talk too much, I fear. But the world is bright, and beautiful, and good, and the people are good, too, and we should not speak thoughtlessly or lightly of these things." I felt a pent-up burst of a sob from the poor little one on my bosom, and patting her rich "sorrel" hair, which is very lovely, and wavy, and silky, I said, as one would say to a little one grieving and hurt: "Whose little lady is this?" She cried right out, the child, and then trying to laugh, she said: "I'll be your lady, Auntie."

We often converse on this subject—"talking for talk's sake," as some one of the girls calls it. It is strange the amount of worthless babble—the trifling nonsense there is put into our daily communion with one another. It is too often but a series of complaining, and fault-finding, and hints of suspicion, and distrust, and unkind, low, idle, aimless noise. We say things of our neighbors that we would not desire them to know at all, at all. We growl, and whine, and lament, and complain. We imagine that we are illy treated, that we are sick, neglected, slighted, insulted, when there is nothing of it. We tether ourselves, and then we go to the limits of our little reach, and the circle goes not outside of our own selfish thoughts—and we struggle with the creature

of our imagination, and render ourselves miserable bigots.

We, the girls and I, at Millwood, have by-laws and resolutions drawn up, lately, for the new year.

Esther says we'll all wear straight jackets, if we abide by the rules, and she laughingly suggests that we be called the Straight Jacket Club—but Esther will see.

CHATTY BROOKS.

Scientific, Useful and Curious.

EXPLORATION OF MESOPOTAMIA.—The British Museum authorities have obtained a firman from the Porte for the thorough exploration of Mesopotamia. This will include all the ancient sites, the west as well as the east bank of the Euphrates, the old Hittite kingdom (yet unexplored), the sites of the great libraries of Sippra, Cutha, Aganae, and other ancient cities. The whole field of ancient remains in Mesopotamia, the seats of Babylonian, Chaldean and Assyrian grandeur, will now be explored. A vast amount of information will be added to our present stock of learning, and a new light will be thrown on some of the most interesting periods of Biblical history.

A NEW CARPET ENEMY.—A new carpet beetle has been imported from Europe into the United States within a few years, and is already becoming a serious pest. When fully developed, it has brightly-colored wings, the colors being black, white and scarlet. Its habitation is beneath the borders of the carpet, and sometimes along the joints of the boards of the floor. As to the remedy, Mr. Lintner states that Persian insect powder, camphor, pepper, tobacco, turpentine, carbolic acid, etc., are powerless; but he believes that cotton, saturated with benzine or kerosene, stuffed into the joinings of the floors and crevices beneath the baseboards during the winter months would prove fatal, since at this season the insect will be found occupying these retreats, either in its perfect form or as eggs for another brood.

THE LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growths known to man; but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean which, according to Professor Reinsch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, one of the *Melanosperma*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen by measurement was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system of nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.

THE TOILET HABITS OF ANTS.—The Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, eulogizes the neatness of the agricultural ant, as observed in confinement at any rate. The most minute particles of dirt are carefully removed, and the whole body is frequently and thoroughly cleansed, especially after eating and sleeping. They assist each other in the general cleansing, and the attitude of the ant under operation is one of intense satisfaction, like that of a family dog being scratched, a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. Mr. McCook has seen an ant kneel down before another, and thrust forward the

head under the face of the other, and lie motionless, expressing quite plainly the desire to be cleansed; the other ant understood this, and went to work. Sometimes this is combined with acrobatic feats, in which these ants excel, jumping about and clinging in a remarkable fashion to blades of grass. Sometimes the cleansing ant hangs downward from the grass, and to her the ant operated upon clings, reaching over and up with great agility to submit to her friend's offices. Evidently moisture from the mouth is used for washing. Mr. McCook has observed most minutely the whole of these processes, which are recorded in the Philadelphia Academy's *Proceedings* for this year. He suggests that with ants as with the human kind an artificial condition induces greater attention to personal appearance.

ANATOMY AND THE ARTS.—A writer in the London *Lancet* comments upon the industrial uses to which a knowledge of anatomy may be applied. Stuart's clavicular wheel for carriages claims a great deal of strength coupled with lightness. It is strictly modeled after the human clavicle; that is to say, each spoke is curved precisely as the clavicle itself, and, true to his pattern, Mr. Stuart has flattened the outer curve, thus rendering the weaker one strong to resist where the strain is heaviest. He has followed the shape of the inner curve, even in copying the ridges that bound the subclavicular groove, and thus materially adds to the strength of the spoke.

PARTICLES IN THE EYE.—Whenever a fly, or other insect, a small flying seed, quick-lime, dust, or any other minute object, gets into the eye, do not adopt the common habit of rubbing, or even of washing with water, but gently raise, or get a gentle hand to raise for you, the eyelid, and bend the head forward. In keeping thus the eyelid elevated, and the eye quiescent for a few moments, one feels the flow of tears starting from the organ which seldom fails to bring along with it the cause of the pain, or at least to carry it toward the corner of the eye next to the nose, from whence it may be removed by a fine handkerchief folded to a point.

WATER FOR BEES.—A correspondent of the *Pacific Rural Press* writes as follows about giving water regularly to bees: "Water is something we cannot get along without. There is a great quantity used by the bees on a hot day to keep the combs from melting down, besides what is used in feeding brood in the latter part of the season. When the wind blows from the east, hot and dry, I have known the bees to use a pound a day to the hive, allowing a sufficient quantity for evaporation. A bee's life is governed, we might say, by the work it does, and if it has to fly a long way for water, it cannot during its life bring the honey to its owner it could if the water was handy. Wet sand is the best for bees to suck water from, for none are drowned."

A DENTIST at Munich states that in certain cases where teeth required filling, he has taken them out, cleaned and filled them, and has then put them back into the patient's jaw with satisfactory results.

Evenings with the Poets.

A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

I.

NATURE.

A S a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly re-assured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

II.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his! how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

III.

ELIOT'S OAK.

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech—
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

IV.

THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and
space,
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sister, but were not too proud
To teach in schools of little country towns

Science, and song, and all the arts that please;
So that while housewives spun, and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

V.

VENICE.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden pistils with their seeds,
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest!
White, phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A FRIEND stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score:
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half-sigh, half-gasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine:
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the Old Year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marr'd
Than any man's: who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet"—and to the
oppress—
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which like shelter'd dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou ledest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

The Season.



THE CHRISTMAS CHILD—LEGENDS.

LONG years ago, in far-off Palestine, a great prophet, Isaiah, telling his countrymen of the glorious visions and words which he received from Heaven, speaks of the coming of Christ, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

We all know how that beautiful saying was fulfilled in the birth of our Saviour, as a little babe, in "Bethlehem on the hill;" how the shepherds, watching their flocks on the wide plains by night, saw, suddenly, the angels, and heard them singing the new song of peace on earth, and good-will to men. We know, too, how the three wise men and kings "came riding from far away," guided by a large and radiant star, to worship the Babe, and bring Him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Mr. Longfellow told us, in his beautiful Christmas poem for 1877, some of the meaning of these gifts—the gold and frankincense for a king and priest, such as Melchisedec, the ancient king of Salem was, and other kings of the East. The myrrh, he tells us, one of the dark, fragrant spices used to prepare the body for its burying, was perhaps meant to foretell death, and the sweet remembrance that would survive it.

The Child, we know, was carried by His mother and Joseph into the old land of the Nile, Egypt, and remained there during His sweet, helpless babyhood. Perhaps if His mother, Mary, ever entered the Egyptian temples, or saw there the image of Isis, "*Queen and mother both*," nursing the babe, Horus, she may have felt a thrill of sympathy at the love of the mother for the little one in her arms, and almost perceived in it a dim promise. However this may have been, we know no more of the childhood of Christ, until we hear of Him as a little boy, in the

Temple of Jerusalem, among the teachers, who were learned and old in years.

But the early Christians loved so much to think of our Lord's divine tenderness and condescension in coming to live on earth for them, and being born as a little child, that they told and wrote a great many beautiful stories about it, which have very true and noble thoughts in them, and are well worth our remembering.

One legend tells us, that when Mary and Joseph, weary with their long journey into Egypt, approached the rich old city of Heliopolis, they saw it was full of great temples, adorned with rich carvings and offerings, and as Mary passed before the open doors with the blessed Babe in her arms, the heavy idols fell on their faces to the ground before Him, and the great palm-tree at the gate bowed its stately head, even as the fields of corn and grain had put forth their ripe burden for the Child as they had journeyed.

The meaning of this is beautiful; it is that when innocence and love—which the Christ-child embodied—entered the heart, false and wicked thoughts give way, and good thoughts acknowledge it as supreme, and ripen in the pure presence. Because the same loving innocence can make quiet all unruly tempers, and give beauty to the poorest places, so at Glastonbury Abbey, in England they had an old story, that when the birth-night of Christ came, all the animals were found, at midnight, kneeling on their knees, and the old thorn-tree, though it might be in the midst of winter snows, burst into sudden blooming.

The artists drew pictures of Christ as a child with His little playmates, or resting as a babe in His mother's lap. There is an old print which represents Him as a little boy, watching tenderly the tiny spar-

rows—which, you know, He told His followers that God loved and cared for—and most of the painters of Italy and Germany painted Him with a little white lamb, or rabbits near, or perhaps a snowy dove,

"With its fluttering soft noises,
And tender sweet voices
Of love."

The greatest artists loved to think of Christ as a child, and to paint Him looking so beautiful, and full of peace and love, that it would be a comfort to all in trouble to look at Him.

It was also believed, that when good men and women truly loved our Saviour and obeyed His sayings, they were sometimes permitted to see Him as a Divine Child, full of light, and receive Him in their arms, or sometimes to behold Him in the midst of the open Word, encircled with glory; for all who are good and true, must receive the spirit that is like the heavenly Child, and see in all wisdom the child-like meaning of love.

All of us have heard the old story of the giant, who wished to serve the strongest king on earth, and was called *Offerus*, the bearer, because he could carry such heavy weights. He wandered from king to king, until at last he heard of Christ. As he was not wise enough to pray or sing, he was told to carry the people safely over a certain dangerous river. One dark and stormy night, he was awakened by a child's wistful voice from the bank, and going thither, he saw a lovely infant, sitting by the river, and saying, "*Offerus*, carry me over."

Offerus lifted Him up, and stepped into the water, but as he went on, the dark waves rose higher and higher, and the weight of the Child grew heavier and heavier, until his strong limbs trembled and almost gave way. Looking up, he saw a light shining around the Infant's head, and heard the most loving, and the sweetest voice saying, "Dost thou wonder, *Offerus*? Thou bearest the whole world."

Afterward men called him no longer *Offerus*, the bearer, but Christopher, the bearer of Christ, for he had carried Him who holds the whole world in His loving hands.

There is a German legend about a little boy who wanted to give something to our Saviour. He had only an apple, given him to eat at school, and he carried this quickly, and laid it on the altar, and he thought he saw the figure of the Christ-child smile, and lift His little hand to take it.

There is another story about a boy in Scotland, named Cuthbert, who was idle and disobedient at school, until he saw, one day, "the fairest child eye had ever beheld," who wept over his faults. He grew up to be one of the best and wisest men of his country and time.

These stories will show you the faith which the people really had in Christ's love and care for little children. The story about *Offerus*, teaches us, if we patiently do disagreeable work because we *ought*, we shall at last see it beautiful and full of light; and the last two legends about the two boys, are intended to keep us from thinking children's kind acts, or naughtiness, unimportant. God loves and cares for our every-day life and its little things, for He is "Our Father." These legends would not have been remembered and told for so many years, if it had not been for the noble and true meaning in them, which gives them power to live. What is mean and false, will die in spite of the most beautiful words, and if an old story lasts, it is the little germ of truth in it, like a living seed, which keeps coming up again and again in some-

body's heart or mind, like a flower seed in the earth.

Beside these stories and pictures I have told you of, there are great many lovely songs, called carols, about Christ and His birth, as a little child, at Christmas. There is a curious one the miners in Cornwall sing, which tells how the singer sat on a sunny bank, and saw "three ships go sailing by," with the Holy Child, and Joseph and Mary, and it ends with,

"And he did whistle, and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy. Our Saviour was born a King
On Christmas day in the morning."

Robert Herrick wrote a beautiful one, a part of which I will repeat for you here. Some of the choir sing the question:

"Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn,
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus on the sudden?"

Then the others sing in answer:

"Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To Heaven and the under earth."

They all sing together the next verse:

"We see Him come and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers."

Afterward the first singers sing again:

"The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him."

And then the beautiful answer is given:

"The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,"

and there is the Divine Life of innocence to be welcomed and received.

Mrs. Browning also wrote an exquisite poem about the little room, with its palm-tree by the window waving its boughs, and the birds singing in the sun, where the Divine Child slept, with His mother watching Him. Mr. Dickens tells us some beautiful stories about Christmas-day now; and we all can make it lovely if we bring its meaning of "peace and good-will" in our own homes, so the child-like spirit may rule the whole year round. That feeling of love is the true Christmas. E. F. Mosby.

EARL MARBLE, in *The Cottage Hearth*, gives us this passing glimpse of the personal appearance of Celia Thaxter: "Mrs. Thaxter herself is quite as simple in dress as the flowers of her garden, noticeable when she appears among the throng of promenaders on the piazza of the hotel (Appledore Island), by her modesty of dress as well as of demeanor. Those who have met her have never failed to notice her earnestness in conversation, her easy and cordial manners, and her laugh, often as ringing as a school-girl's. She is entirely unconventional, with a freedom and an originality of manner very charming, and an independent and a straightforward air very winning to natural, unaffected people."

Literary and Personal.

A WRITER in *Scribner* draws this pen-portrait of Edison as seen in his laboratory at Menlo Park, one of the unimportant stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in New Jersey, an hour's ride from New York. "A figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary, 'ready-made' order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night-printer. His features are large; the brow well-shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray; the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying teeth which are, also, not altogether regular. When he looks up, his attention comes back slowly, as if it had been a long way off. But it comes back fully and cordially, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in its moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big, careless school-boy released from his tasks."

We glean a few passages from R. H. Stoddard's article on Longfellow, published in the November *Scribner*. "Mr. Edgar Allen Poe could never understand why Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a more successful writer than himself. He might have discovered the reason, however, if he had chosen to look for it, for it lay upon the surface of the American character. Our taste was not profound forty years ago, nor is it very profound now. But then we knew what we wanted in literature, and we could distinguish what was new from what was old. There was nothing new in Mr. Longfellow's early poems, which were rather promises than performances; but when he began to publish his 'Voices of the Night' (in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, I think), we felt that poetry had undergone a change into something new and strange."

"We had taken the measure (so to speak) of the American poets, and knew what to expect of them. Bryant's poetry was calm, meditative, philosophical; Willis's poetry, when not elegantly scriptural, was light and airy; Halleck's poetry was spirited and martial; Pierpont's poetry was occasional and moral; a few epithets described all our singers that were worthy of the name. We recognized their excellence, but it by no means exhausted our admiration and capacity for enjoyment. There was room for a new poet. *** There were gardens which yielded our elder singers no flowers—gardens in which no seed of theirs had ever been sown. It remained for a fresh singer to cultivate them. I hardly know how to characterize the seed which Mr. Longfellow began to sow in the 'Voices of the Night.' Romanticism does not describe it, for there is nothing romantic in 'The Hymn to the Night,' nor does morality describe it, except, perhaps, as it is bourgeoned in a 'Psalm of Life.' The lesson of the poem last named, and of 'The Light of Stars,' was the lesson of endurance, and patience, and cheerfulness. *** Merciless critics have pointed out flaws in the literary workmanship of 'The Psalm of Life,' but its readers never saw

them, or, seeing them, never cared for them. They found it a hopeful, helpful poem. 'Footsteps of Angels' is to me the most satisfactory of all these 'Voices of the Night.' There is an indescribable tenderness in it, and the vision of the poet's dead wife gliding into his chamber with noiseless footsteps, taking a vacant chair beside him, and laying her hand in his, is very pathetic.

"His poem 'To my Child' has no superior of its kind in the language. We have a glimpse of the poet's house for the first time in verse, and of the chamber in which he wrote so many of his poems, which had now become the child's nursery. Its chimney was adorned with painted tiles, among which he enumerates

'The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.'

"The child shakes his coral rattle with its silver bells, and is content for the moment with its merry tune. The poet listens to other bells than these, and they tell him that the coral was growing thousands of years in the Indian seas, and that the bells once reposed as shapeless ore in darksome mines, beneath the base of Chimborazo or the overhanging pines of Potosi.

'And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ship passed the stormy cape;
For thee, in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbut, tree,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid
The buried treasures of the miser Time.'

"He turns from the child to the memory of one (Washington) who formerly dwelt within the walls of his historic mansion:

'Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.'

"These grave thoughts are succeeded by pictures of the child at play, now in the orchard and now in the garden-walks, where his little carriage-wheels efface whole villages of sand-roofed tents that rise above the secret homes of nomadic tribes of ants. But, tired already, he comes back to parley with repose, and, seated with his father on a rustic seat under an old apple-tree, they see the waters of the river, and a sailless vessel dropping down the stream:

'And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.'

"The poet speculates gravely on the future of his child, and bids him remember that if his fate is an untoward one, even in the perilous hour,

'When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.'

"In this poem and in 'The Occultation of Orion' he reached a table-land of imagination not hitherto attained by his Muse."

"What impresses me in reading Mr. Longfellow's poetry," says Mr. Stoddard, "is the extent of his poetic sympathies, and in the apparent ease with which he passes from one class of subjects to another. His instincts are sure in his choice of all his subjects, and his perception of their poetic capacities is keen. They translate themselves readily into his mind, and he clothes them in their singing robes when the spirit moves them."

The article closes with the following quotation from a lecture delivered some years ago, by Cardinal Wiseman, on the "Home Education of the Poor." In the course of this lecture, he commented on the fact that England has no poet who is to its laboring classes what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany, and then said: "There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts, that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure Muse, or follow, with sympathetic hearts, the wanderings of 'Evangeline,' I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

SPEAKING of Mr. Emerson, a cotemporary magazine says: "Among the inconveniences of age, Mr. Emerson now finds an infirmity of memory which somewhat interferes with his literary work though it does not wholly impede it, as is shown by his lecture, delivered last March, at the Old South Church in Boston. Characteristic of the man, his aims and patrotic hopes, it is also one of the finest and noblest pieces of writing he has published. Standing at the twilight of a long life of literary activity, and himself aware that his faculties are no longer to be fully relied upon, he is yet able to concentrate

his thought upon a lofty subject and utter, with the pregnant homeliness of his habitual style, words of comfort to a nation in a time of depression, if not actual distress. How many literary men are there who would not, in this case, introduce themselves into the discussion, and lament in one way or another the decay of their faculties, the loss of the pleasures of this world? Emerson has no remark to make about himself; he is absorbed in the future of the United States; without a trace of the narrowness or querulousness of an old man, he throws all his energy into the old work which he has pursued so long—that of giving spiritual comfort to his fellow-countrymen. The lofty enthusiasm that has always marked his career burns just as warm now as ever; it seems to burn even more clear, because in this one of the last utterances of the old poet he calls things by their every-day names, rather than by their symbols, and in his eagerness to be explicit, has no leisure for those condensed generalizations which have proved a stumbling-block to many, but to those who relished his style an addition to their pleasure in his work.

THERE died on August 22d, near Cromer, England, Mrs. Mortimer, at the age of seventy-six. The name of this lady is scarcely known in the world of literature, yet her works have had perhaps a larger circulation than those of any other modern writer. Her books were all published anonymously as "by the author of 'The Peep of Day.'" Besides the ten volumes of "The Peep of Day Series," which are all concerned with elementary religious teaching, she also wrote a considerable number of secular books for nursery instruction, among which may be mentioned "Reading without Tears," in two parts, "Near Home," and "Far Off," in two parts. In evidence of the popularity of these books, it may be stated that of the original "Peep of Day" more than five hundred thousand copies have been issued, and of "Reading without Tears" eighty thousand. It is hardly too much to say that the majority of the present generation have received their first tincture of learning from Mrs. Mortimer, whose simple style and genial manner have made her the deserved favorite of mothers and governesses.

Pleasant Readings.

A PAIR OF THEM.—A doctor, who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No, he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering: "Topsy, I declare—topsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"Dear Doctor—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful in the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit" (a ten-pound note), "and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too

much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition!

A LITTLE five-year-old boy, residing with his parents in the Chesney block, was asked by a lady, a few days since, for a kiss. He immediately complied; but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked: "Ah, but you are rubbing it off."

"No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder. "I'm rubbing it in."

THE times are hard—everybody says so—but the wages of sin have not been cut down.

"I don't like that cat any more," said a four year old. "It's got splinters in its feet."

"WHAT straits are most perilous?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent; and a little boy spoke up promptly, "Whisky straits!"

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.—This story is related of a Quaker who resided in an English country town. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The towns-people wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe toward an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken toward the construction of a new one. "Thee was right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee may'st put my name down for a hundred pounds."

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.—A clergyman walking one day in the country, fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride, that, when he found himself at a toll, he stopped and shouted to the man: "Here! what's to pay?"

"Pay for what?" asked the man.

"For my horse," said the clergyman.

"What horse? There's no horse, sir!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking

down between his legs, "I thought I was on horse-back!"

Sydney Smith was not in general absent-minded; but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, and being asked by the servant, "Who shall I say has called?" he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, "he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim."

In illustration of the absent-mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards, this story is told: When out riding one day, a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him.

"Whose boy are you, my little man?" he asked.

"Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer.

On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked: "Whose boy are you?"

"Noah Clark's, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

"I HOPE there are no cannibals around here," said a traveler to a frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of dough.

"There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal into the pan. "We always eat a little Indian with our bread."

New Publications.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Books for Bright Eyes. By Mrs. M. E. Miller. Comprising a set of four dainty, beautifully-bound little stories for children—"On the Farm," "One Day in Our Long Vacation," "More Happy Days," and "Mountain Tops." They are well-told, pretty descriptions, grains of truth being skillfully introduced, and we may well believe that over them many bright eyes will glow brighter.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Harry, the Prodigal. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. This is a very interesting story, telling how a boy, who had been unjustly branded as a prodigal, made a consistent, manly stand for temperance and Christianity, doing a great deal of good, and gaining many friends by his example, his enemy at last being overtaken by merited disgrace. Though the general tone of the narrative is cheerful and happy, the horrors of rum are not passed over slightly. We have the sad picture of a young couple separated for twenty years by its blighting influence; and the still more sad one of a husband and father, suddenly cut off in the prime of life by this deadly foe. All the characters are natural, most of them estimable—the grave Deacon Brown, his gentle wife, stately Aunt Esther, sweet May Landon, bright Harry, brave Ben the sailor, lovely Mrs. Putnam, and intellectual Mr. Chester. Our only objections are founded upon slight points, regarding which there might be a rational difference of opinion. Taken all in all, this is one of the best Temperance tales we have seen for a long time.

Temperance Readings and Recitations, No.

2. Edited by Miss L. Penny. This contains articles in prose and verse, suitable for lyceum and parlor use, by writers, many of them, the foremost temperance advocates of the day. We notice especially extracts from John B. Gough's and Canon Farrar's speeches, from Sir Walter Raleigh's letters to his son, from the writings of Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, Josh Billings and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a part of one of Mrs. Jennie F. Willing's "Temperance Talks." Among the poems is the well-known, pathetic one, "The Vagabonds," by J. T. Trowbridge, in company with verses from Mrs. M. A. Kidder, Josephine Pollard and Phæbe Carey. Our young people, in choosing their "declamations," may see that the best talent of the country is arrayed on the side of temperance. Surely, where the leaders are illustrious, the cause must be great.

Coals of Fire. By M. Alice Sweet. In reading this little story, one can scarce help being struck with the lack of unity, and the improbability of the main thread—that a boy should live to be twenty-two, nursing hatred against a little girl who had called him hard names when he was ten, allowing it to throw a dark shadow over all his life, finding it difficult at that age to forgive her. But the merits of the book are decided. It shows vividly some horrible pictures of the misery caused by drink—of a fine young man, starting in the world with every prospect of doing well, at the last murdering his wife and committing suicide, leaving two little children uncared for, one of whom dies in the poor-house. Also of a tavern-keeper seeing his son, taught by himself to drink, killed in a drunken brawl; and of another run over on a railroad and mutilated for life. All these are incidental to the fortunes of a

poor boy, a drunkard's son, who finally reaches a position of honor and usefulness by his own efforts. Price, \$1.00.

The Brewery at Taylorville. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. This story turns upon the comparative prosperity of two villages, the chief industry of one of which is a flour-mill, of the other, a brewery, and this, with the necessary adjuncts of land-owners, manufacturers and purchasers, and their families, gives a good foundation for a most powerful work. Yet, for some reason, the author has failed to improve her opportunity to the full extent, and the book is much below her usual good style. A great number of characters are introduced, having scarce any connection with each other, or even with the story, many of whom seem to have nothing in particular to do, so that the plot is very disjointed. We are also surprised, as regards the composition itself, to notice such words as "drinked," and "holden." As a whole, the narrative is interesting. We must admire the very well-drawn pictures of Daisy Taylor and Leroy Wiseman—the former, a solid, sensible girl, who assisted her father splendidly, and propped up his sinking fortunes—the latter, her effeminate, exquisite cousin, who, through her influence, became an honest, useful man. There are, also, many strong arguments against, not only the rum traffic, but against the popular idea that moderate beer-drinking will cure the craving for whisky. Altogether, while, as we have intimated, as a literary work, "The Brewery at Taylorville," is scarce up to the average, it may gain some young advocates for the temperance cause.

Talks on Temperance. By Rev. Canon Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. Here, in pamphlet form, are the talks which have attracted so much attention of late. The author unites with his learning, and a scientific knowledge of alcohol as it is, and what it does, an actual experience of the mighty evil, gained in his work as a clergyman among the London poor. It seems scarce possible that any one could read these eloquent speeches, without earnestly desiring the triumph of the principles advocated.

FROM DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

The House by the Works. By Edward Garrett. This, without any great originality of plot or character, is a simple tale of sin and suffering, wrong-doing and charity, and of the far-reaching consequences of error, with sweet, patient, Christian resignation—and so beautifully, so tenderly told, without either tincture of self-righteousness or Phariseism on the one hand, or of laxity or fatalism on the other, that while one's heart warms completely for the sinner, it does not overlook the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." Though we catch more than a glimpse of the world's wickedness, we also see the gentle ministrations of God's earthly angels, silently combating it, and we cannot help feeling that the tendency of such books must be to make the human heart more Christ-like—not taken out of the world, but kept from the evil in it.

From the clearly-expressed, striking thoughts for which this author is noted, we make the following extracts:

"We are reticent about the oracles through which Divine impulses reach us, perhaps because we are partly aware of their frequent inadequacy to explain their power over us to any but ourselves.

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"It strikes me sometimes that God has not made the world yet—that He is still making it, and it strikes me that He has called all of His children to help Him in His work, and that some of us are idle and some of us do wrong, and that God Himself will have to combine and finish off everything before it will be at all according to His will."

Mildred Keith. By Martha Finley. We are always sorry when a writer has not sustained a previous reputation—yet we are compelled to say that the present volume is far inferior to the "Elsie Books." Mildred Keith, the heroine, does not seem to be, or to do much in particular; the others, as a matter of course, as they revolve about her, even less. At least eight persons are introduced, only to disappear, without having accomplished anything, leaving us to wonder why they were ever brought forward at all. Mildred's lovers are alarming in numbers—seven for a girl of sixteen is doing bravely. Some of the names are chosen strangely enough—Gotobed, Ransquattle, Drybread and Mocker. The whole work, neither teaching nor tracing any special thing, seems crude, fragmentary and hasty.

Tecumseh. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Leelye. Condensed from many books, and gathered from various sources, we have here, in a very interesting form, an account of the most gifted mind that the entire Indian nation ever produced. We learn that Tecumseh was generous and upright in character, shrewd and far-seeing in planning, and energetic and persevering in action, and that, fitted as he was in every way to become a leader of men, he only failed in his grand scheme of uniting all the Indians into a great confederacy to keep the whites east of the Alleghanies, because savagery must fall before advancing civilization. Besides, there is an extended description of the doings of Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, with sketches of many noted Indians, hunters and border expeditions. Altogether, it is a book well-calculated to interest the youth of our nation in the history of their own land.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

His Heart's Desire. A Novel. The best that can be said of this, is that its characters are clearly-drawn, its descriptions skillful, its interest sustained, and that it expresses itself slightly as disapproving of wickedness. The plot is meagre, and the scene, the conventional one of New York fashionable society. But it is a book which no one can be any better for reading. From beginning to end, little is shown besides frivolity, selfishness, cunning, cruelty and treachery, while the most estimable of the *dramatis personæ* are invested with an inane sort of goodness. These latter, however, are kept well in the background, and whenever brought forward, it is chiefly on account of some eccentricity of conduct. We are drawn most to John Wilton, the village blacksmith—yet the greatest suffering and disgrace of all, falls upon him. The most shameful proceedings are discussed as calmly as though quite a matter of course, the most terrible tragedies and solemn scenes, depicted without a word as to man's moral responsibilities, or of a need of preparation for eternity. In the last chapter we may glean one atom of gold—the statement that Florence felt it necessary for every human being to be as good as possible. Yet, we doubt if the book itself is capable of teaching the lesson.

The Playmate. A Picture and Story-book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert, editor of "The Prattler," "The Budget" and the "My Books." The public were getting tired of the mere picture-book for children, which attracted the eye with its wealth of illustrations, but proved of little worth so far as the reading matter was concerned, when a volume called "The Prattler," gave them a pleasant surprise. It was a book not only rich in illustrations, but quite as rich in its literary contents; and reached a larger sale than any other juvenile book of the season. In the succeeding year, another volume by the same editor, "Uncle Herbert," entitled "The Budget," equally rich in illustrations, and as attractive in its

literary contents, appeared, and was as cordially welcomed. And now we have "The Playmate," surpassing, if possible, in beauty and excellence, the two preceding volumes. The announcement of this book is sufficient to give it a large sale, for the children and their parents know that "Uncle Herbert," will give them only what is attractive and good.

My Picture and Story-book in Prose and Poetry, for the Little Ones. Edited by Uncle Harry. Another elaborately illustrated picture and story-book for children, which cannot fail to attract and please them.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

WE have described the fancy, gayly-colored silks, corduroys, satins and velvets, which are now imported. Still the tendency in fashions seems to be for many combinations of color; as, for instance, rich dresses of black, olive and myrtle greens, seal and golden-browns, are trimmed with brilliant red, old gold and blue. Handsome suits are no longer made in one material, but, in a black silk, the pockets, cuffs, vest, and even some of the breadths of the skirt, will be black velvet; in a plain, colored silk, the material will contrast with striped satin or gay brocade. Accessories to such dresses are also in the same gorgeous styles—buttons of iridescent silver or pearl, beaded laces and fringe, and rich feather trimmings. We, of course, need scarce remind our readers that what is fashionable is not always in the best taste, nor are fashionable robes themselves fashionable for all occasions. These brilliant dresses are intended for dinners and receptions, but even they do not make the plain, well-made black silk out of date for such an occasion.

For street suits, the short skirt has triumphed, and the favorite modes of making for the pretty suit cloths, are various modifications of the kilt costume. These cloths, we have described, as soft and light, in dark, rich colors, and fine, close plaids called "invisible." The most serviceable material, perhaps, is that called "homespun," which, though seemingly rough and shaggy, is in reality very soft. The fancy for bright colors may be seen even here, as for instance, dark blue cashmere is trimmed with striped silk; dark green, with light green brocade; black,

with plaid satin. Let not those whose better taste inclines them to quieter array, be dismayed, for, on the other hand, plainer street suits than ever appear. Of the cloths and camel's-hair goods, many are made with plain, long overskirts and half-fitting jackets, edged simply with rows of flat braid, or machine stitching.

Coats and cloaks are long and ample, either plain, depending for their beauty on their cut, or bordered with bands of soft fur. Gayer wraps are ornamented with lace, beads and feathers. Very costly long mantles are of black satin, richly trimmed and lined with quilted satin. Many sensible ladies will be glad to learn that the comfortable, jaunty English walking-jacket is to be revived.

Winter millinery is as gorgeous as some of the dress goods. Garnitures are of striped and brocaded satins and velvets, rich plushes, double-faced ribbons, in all combinations of light and dark colors, and woven of plush with satin, or *moire* with brocade. Gilt pins with chains, gilt tips and plumes, feather-bands nearly covered with black or garnet beads, all pass before us in dazzling array. Ruby, garnet, cardinal, magenta, dark green, old gold and plum are the fashionable colors. Hats, of various shapes, agree in having the wide, flaring brim—those in soft, gray felt are very pretty. Clusters of roses are still worn, often placed on the highest part of the upturned brim. The trimming is usually massed upon the top of a hat, but the widest latitude is allowed, both as to arrangement and color—so we believe that out of the gaudy chaos spread before her, every lady may resolve a tasteful, stylish, becoming bonnet.

Notes and Comments.

Our Magazine.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE speaks, in a recent number, of the changes and modifications which have taken place in American magazines during the past few years. The old-time literary magazine was limited almost entirely in range to what was known as polite literature; such as poetry, fiction, criticism, philology, rhetoric and the classics. Its circulation was small, because the great body of the people were interested in things which came nearer to their common life and daily interests. But in order to make it more popular, didactic, critical and

rhetorical elements were, after awhile, largely displaced by fiction; but it still continued to hold itself above the things in which the minds of the people rested. The literary magazine was not a teacher of what was useful and practical; did not enter into the affairs of social, civil, industrial, economic, every-day life. It was not an educator, and did not present a mirror of the busy and progressive times.

As a representative of the new order of things in American periodical literature, *Scribner* claims to stand pre-eminent; and it may be well for the publishers of some of our leading literary magazines to heed the fact of its steadily growing popularity, and

to take note of the peculiar features which give it so wide an acceptance with the people.

Now, while we do not claim for the HOME MAGAZINE the range, and breadth, and high literary culture of *Scribner*, yet we do claim for it some of the excellent features which distinguish that splendid periodical; features which were peculiar to our magazine, long before that was established. These are to be found in our various departments, where the economic, practical and vital affairs of life are presented and considered. At the very beginning, we made a departure from the prevailing fashion in magazine literature, which ignored almost entirely the useful and the practical. It had few high moral and social aims. Its mission was to amuse rather than to instruct; to please the fancy rather than to educate the heart. But in the HOME MAGAZINE we sought to establish a periodical that should meet the wants of those to whom life was something more than a mere pastime; of those who had the common needs, and aspirations, and weaknesses, and trials of humanity; to whom we might come, not only with pleasant thoughts and pure, sweet fancies, but with help, instruction and comfort.

Steadily, from the commencement, have we held to this purpose in the HOME MAGAZINE; studying to improve it year by year, and to bring it nearer to the common life and interests of the people. It does not reflect fashionable society; is not an organ of the *élite*; and has no sympathy with literary dilettanteism. While ignoring the frivolous, the aimless, and the vicious, and everything that can depress public morals, or make light of virtue, it gives its readers, month after month, a literary entertainment that is rich, and varied, and full of delight and refreshment.

For interest, excellence and typographical beauty, and for all that goes to make up a magazine for the people, we claim a position among the less costly periodicals corresponding to that which is claimed by *Scribner* among the dearer and more ambitious literary monthlies; and our readers may be sure that we shall do the best that is in us to maintain that advanced position. They all know how steadily improvement has gone on year by year, and how each new volume has been better than the last. For the coming year we are going to do better still.

"The Art-Interchange."

WE have received from New York the first three or four numbers of a paper with this title. It is issued by the Society of Decorative Art, and is specially devoted to the subject of art as applied to household adornment. It has a very tasteful heading, is beautifully printed on clear, tinted paper, and contains a variety of interesting matter. Published fortnightly by the Art-Interchange, No. 34 E. Nineteenth Street, New York. Subscription price, \$1.25 per year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE we consider one of the best monthlies of its class in America—pure in tone, elevated in morals, and a safe guide and counselor in the home circle. T. S. Arthur, whose pen is never employed save in the interest of reform and progress, is the founder of this magazine, and writes regularly for its pages; and other writers of ability and reputation contribute to every number. The domestic department is a leading feature of ARTHUR'S, and a truly valuable one.—*Republican, Lyons, N. Y.*

Confession.

(See Engraving.)

AWAY beyond the hill-tops
Fast dies the rosy light,
And soon the vaulted heavens
Will glow with eyes of night.

Alone I sit, while swiftly
Day's latest gleams depart,
And listen, mid the shadows,
To my accusing heart.

Oh, when the noon was glowing,
It seemed a trifle slight—
But now—a guilty burden
Lies on my soul to-night.

Oh, Heaven, pity! Sorrow
Oft opens careless eyes,
And hasty deeds forgotten
In dark procession rise.

Oh, take away this shadow,
Thine erring child forgive,
Come, with Thy gentle blessing,
Speak, "Peace," and I shall live.

Dark though the skies are o'er me,
Gems glow amid the night,
And soon morn's golden glory
Will flood the heavens with light.

FANNIE.

City and Country.

REFERRING to the perpetual current of population which sets in from country to city, and the abandonment of agriculture for trade and manufacture, the *Evening Telegraph* remarks:

"It is a constant wonder to men familiar with the worries and uncertainties of city life that these surges should forever roll in from the rural sections upon an already oppressed population, for while city men have a pride in their growing strength and numbers, there is a wider and truer way of viewing the subject. The countryman has, if he but knew it, a freedom and independence which he will utterly miss elsewhere. We do not speak of men of means, who can be comfortable anywhere, but of the hosts who come into the cities to make their fortunes. Can these silly ones ever be made to understand how few the prizes are, and that lacking them they cannot of necessity be as free and happy in the lower grade of work which the city offers them as they were as their own masters in the fields? But we are met at every point with the objection that country life is dull—that the country dweller has few opportunities for amusement and self-improvement. Better be dull and have less care, if it should come to that; but the case is not fairly stated; so is the city dull to all but a fortunate few, and dull with a dumb pain which a less artificial life knows nothing of. Besides, in these times of improved communications and multitudinous social helps, there is really but little difference between the accommodations of city and country, and if farmers would adopt the plans lately urged, of living in villages instead of in the centre of their farms, they would have all the best that the city could give them, without any of the drawbacks, and would still be carrying on their foundation and essential work. Very certain it is that unless by some means this incessant drainage can be stopped, America will before many years feel the accompanying paralysis in all her parts."

"A Rosary of Sonnets."

LONGFELLOW'S beautiful "Rosary of Sonnets," which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be found in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, under the head of "EVENINGS WITH THE POETS."

In the graceful lines, given below, our correspondent refers to this "Rosary" with a delicacy of thought and feeling, and with a fine appreciation of our noble poet, that are alike creditable to her heart and to her taste and skill as a writer.

TELLING THE BEADS.

I told the lustrous beads, which one by one
Had slipped from out the Poet's magic hand,
In language which a child could understand,
So simple, pure, and round, and full, they run,
And as I lisped them o'er, I cried: "Oh, none
But master poet minds such thoughts command;
In order, and how exquisite they stand!
An' Ave' first, to Nature on her throne,
Our common mother. How he knows her heart!
Next, friendship's tribute to a manhood true,
And sweet, and kind; and then Th' Book, all through
The tongue of leaves he bears; and unto Art
Bows low his head beside the Sisters Nine
Who crown him first at their Pierian shrine.

"And last, a 'Pater Noster' ends the beads,
And 'Venice,' swan of cities, rears its head
In snow-white loveliness, a sea-bird, wed
And kissed a hundred times among its reeds;
A swan, whose song of brave, heroic deeds
For centuries silent, hushed, have been, and dead:
And yet, though faded are her glories, fled
Her power and grandeur, still her beauty leads.

"And in this 'Rosary of Sonnets' rare,
The poet gives her highest honored place!
Oh, charmed hand that yields such tender grace;
Oh, high priest of a creed without compare,
Before thy majesty we bow our knee
And with white hands receive thy 'Rosary!'"

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

The Casket and the Jewel.

A CORRESPONDENT, in replying to a suggestive criticism on some tender and sweetly fanciful lines, written for the comfort of a mother who had lost her baby, and which seemed to hold the thought down in the grave instead of lifting it heavenward, says, very beautifully: "If baby is with God, it is not really baby in the grave—but still the mother-heart thinks tenderly of the little form which is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, and would as tenderly as possible cradle it, under the coverlet of clover, and loves to think that, as in the story of the 'Babes in the Woods,' the birds cover it with leaves. It may not be true that birds and flowers really sympathize with the moods of our lives, but to me there are flowers with almost human faces, and birds whose songs are as the ministry of angels to lift me into a purer, better atmosphere. Far be it from me to undervalue the thought that our little ones are in the loving care of the angels—but methinks the mother loves both the casket and the jewel; the bodies and the souls of her dear ones."

For the charming article entitled "Josephine and Malmaison," and the accompanying beautiful illustrations, we are indebted to the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, where they first appeared.

The Decoration of Linen.

WHAT woman does not delight in "fancy work?" Which of our sisters feels not a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of holding in her hands a dainty creation of her very own, and one of pride when at last, complete in its exquisite beauty, it is hers? She who understands not this, may have accomplished her "mission," or still be working it out successfully; but we doubt if she has known all the real delights comprised within "woman's sphere."

Some of our moderns are inclined to think that in days of old, when the chief employment of a woman's life was needlework, that she must have had a very dull, dreary, monotonous time of it. Perhaps this was the case; we certainly would not desire to return to those days. But when we survey ancient heirlooms, veritable works of art—the smooth, mossy crewel-work, the frost-like point-lace, the shining, gold-threaded ecclesiastical work, or even the conventional forms of the now-despised cross-stitch—we imagine every happiness and beauty connected with the age of chivalry, as we are conscious of a sense of wonder akin to that felt on beholding some magnificent ancient jewels, or plate or pictures.

Oh, if every needle-woman would at least attempt something beyond the ordinary range! Besides crewel-work, she might become interested in the decoration of linen. We will describe briefly a set of tiny doilies, whose delicate beauty lingers in our memory.

They were about six inches square, and the edges were raveled out in fringe nearly an inch deep, the border surged with fine thread to keep the flowing strands in place. Then, a half an inch from this, and a half an inch in width, were a number of threads drawn out all around, giving the appearance of an insertion. The cross-threads were then drawn backwards and forwards over each other, four strands at a time, stayed with one row of thread, like the old-fashioned herring-bone, at each corner forming a cross. Then, in the centre of each, was embroidered with Japanese silk a cup and saucer, a teapot, a pitcher, etc., in graceful forms and soft, shaded colors, all according to the design and taste of the embroiderer. They were scarcely more than outlines, the impression given being more of quiet, artistic beauty than of the object represented. And what an impression! It was that of perfect, exquisite, simple grace.

Any woman of taste may have her dainty linen towels and napkins and table-cloths thus beautifully embellished. Too much should not be attempted. The figure, or suggestion of a picture, should be free and clear, its beauty depending on the skill of the worker.

By a coincidence, on taking up the second number of *The Art-Interchange*, referred to elsewhere, we find a large space given to this very subject. And from it we give the following description:

"On a little doily is sketched a slender Indian jar; beside it a bed of reeds, or water-grasses, seems to sway and rustle in summer airs, so pliant are the stems, so free the groupings. As if just risen from this cool quietude, a flight of birds soars upward a d away. The jar is wrought in gold-color, red, blue and soft drab. A few bars, ovals, dots and lines indicate the rich decoration. The reeds, which, of course, are not shaded, are done in brown and a dull green. The rising birds are dark blue. It hardly need be said that both reeds and birds are conventionalized, the reeds being the slenderest shadows, and the birds mere converging lines."

The very simplicity of the means, and the real beauty of the completed work, ought to lead every lady to examine for herself into the merits of this most effective household art.

The Magazine of Art.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, of London and New York, are publishing a new monthly magazine with this title, six numbers of which have already appeared. As its title indicates, it is devoted to art and art criticism. It is handsomely printed and largely illustrated, and gives among its illustrations examples of some of the finest productions of modern artists. A portion of each number is given to the Paris Exposition. The work is intended for popular circulation, and is issued at the moderate price of twenty-five cents a number. As an educator of the people in things appertaining to art, it comes as a valuable addition to our periodical literature, and ought to have a wide distribution.

A Power for Good.

"If any words of mine," says one of our contributors, "can help to make better homes or better mothers, I shall thank God with all my heart."

ANOTHER, in looking forward to her work on the HOME MAGAZINE for the coming year, is sure that her "words will do more hearts good, bless more homes, and help more poor, struggling women, than ever before." And we doubt not that they will.

"LICHEN" writes: "I am so glad that 'Earnest' is to be a regular contributor. I think she is just the addition we need to the 'Home Circle' and 'Mothers' Department,' and the magazine will certainly be liked still better, and do more good, for the appearance of her articles."

Our magazine cannot fail, with these and other correspondents who will write in the same spirit, to have a still greater power for good in the homes of the people than ever before.

American Books.

THE National Library, in Paris, has ordered nearly half the books exhibited by American publishers in the present Exposition, and, with minor orders, only a small proportion of the books sent will be returned to this country. The neat binding, usually in morocco cloth, of the American books, attracted attention and surprise. The unavoidable comparison being much to the discredit of French books, which, with very few exceptions, are issued with flimsy paper covers.

A SUBSCRIBER, who had failed to renew her subscription for this year until early in the fall, in writing for all the back numbers, says: "Words but poorly tell how much we all have missed your magazine these months past, almost feeling as if one of the family were absent."

ANOTHER, in sending her subscription, writes: "I am lost without your book. I have taken it almost ever since my marriage, which was twenty-five years ago."

THOUGH it is possible to become a skilled embroiderer without an intimate knowledge of drawing, it is none the less true, than such knowledge is the basis of all artistic decoration.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

Our readers can hardly have failed to notice the improved appearance and superior attractions of the HOME MAGAZINE during the past year. In beauty of typography and illustration, and in real interest and value, it will bear favorable comparison with the most popular magazines in the country.

For the coming year, we have made arrangements for giving our subscribers a still more attractive and beautiful magazine. *The new Serial Story*, to be commenced in January, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, will be entitled

"LENOX DARE; THE WOMAN SHE WAS."

This will be followed by a story from the author of "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE," entitled

"TENDER AND TRUE."

All the old favorite writers for our magazine will be retained, and new writers of talent added to the list. *Rosella Rice* has in preparation a series of articles giving reminiscences of the old pioneer life of the West, to be called

"FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO."

"Pipsey" will continue her talks on social life and home matters, which have always been spicy and good. Having about emptied her "Basket," she is going to make the rounds of her "NEIGHBORHOOD," and give us some sharply-drawn sketches of the people about her, with their sayings, and doings, and ways of life. Then there will be a series of

"Letters from Mrs. Sam Starkey,"

Whose quaint humor, keen observation and common-sense ways of putting things, have already made her a great favorite with Western readers. While pleasant "*Chatty Brooks*" is going to give us

"WRINKLES AND DIMPLES; OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS."

But we cannot take the space to tell of all that is in preparation for our readers; but of one thing they may be sure, excellent and attractive as the HOME MAGAZINE has been during the present year, it will be more excellent and attractive in 1879.

PREMIUMS TO CLUB-GETTERS.

It will be seen, on reference to our Prospectus, that we offer our Club-getters some new and very desirable articles as premiums for clubs.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM.

Professor George A. Gaskell, Principal of Bryant & Stratton's College, Manchester, N. H., is what most truly might be termed a public benefactor in the way of teaching a system of penmanship, which for speed, legibility and easy acquirement, surpasses anything of which America has ever before known. The professor's standing as a teacher of the art of penmanship is well known through the record of his pupils all over the country. His process of development in the instruction of his scholars is entirely peculiar to himself. He sets or fixes a plan, adapted to the special wants of each, and on that line he follows until the pupil gradually turns from the chrysalis state of bad and indifferent writing, to the handsome and neat chirography of the initiated. What is more, Professor Gaskell has so arranged his terms that for the insignificant price of one dollar, "The Compendium Complete," consisting of four (4) parts—copy-slips, book of instructions, ornamental sheet and case, will be sent to any address by mail, postage paid. It is not necessary for the pupil to be at Manchester, N. H., under Professor Gaskell's personal supervision. Of the four young men whose portraits were given in the last number of the HOME MAGAZINE, one lives in Michigan, another in Illinois, one in New York and one in Pennsylvania. The professor has probably never seen any of them, and yet his instructions in the art of penmanship has exerted the influence which was there shown.

The day of poor writing is past. Young people must be able to write well in order to get employment in business, or rank equally with others. By home practice from the Compendium, an elegant and easy style may be acquired, if the old handwriting has not become fixed by age. Put it off but a few years, and your opportunity is gone forever.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Said Charles Dickens, in an address to the Liberal School of London, "Heaven help the poor consumptive who falls into the hands of what is called the regular physician!" And without meaning to disparage the medical profession, or to cast any slur upon its able and distinguished and honorable representatives in this or any other country, we cannot help, in view of all the facts, reiterating the words of the distinguished author. One has only to look at the bills of mortality, whenever and wherever published, to become aware of the fact that, so far as pulmonary consumption is concerned, which strikes down three to one who dies of any other disease, there is little or no hope in the regular physician, whether he be allopathic, homœopathic, or eclectic. Hence the treatment of consumption is coming more and more into the hands of a class of practitioners known as "specialists;" but with these, while considerable amelioration is often gained and the disease retarded, it rarely happens that the relief afforded is anything more than temporary. The bright visions of returning health too soon begin to fade, and hope dies sadly away as it becomes painfully evident that the work of the destroyer has not been really stayed.

Is there then no hope, no help for the consumptive? No cure for this dreaded and too surely fatal disease? Is the healing art still at fault? Can science and skill do nothing? How many who read these brief interrogations will feel their hearts beat more quickly as they pause for an answer.

From evidence so clear, satisfactory, and cumulative that scarcely any room is left for doubt, we feel

warranted in saying that there is hope and help for the consumptive, and that especially in the earlier stages of this disease its course may be arrested, and the whole vital system put in a condition to effectually and permanently resist its assaults. It has been confidently estimated that, taken during the first stages of consumption, nine cases out of ten may be permanently cured. Under the new treatment known as the "Compound Oxygen Treatment," which is administered by Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, physicians of known character and standing, results have been obtained during the past ten years, not only in consumption, but in a wide range of chronic diseases, which seem almost like miracles of healing.

If any of our readers desire to learn full and explicit information in regard to this treatment, let them send to Drs. Starkey & Palen at Philadelphia, for their treatise of two hundred pages on "Compound Oxygen," which will be sent free. In this clear and intelligently written brochure they will find the history and philosophy of the new cure, and also a large number of testimonials to most remarkable results. Some of these testimonials are from well-known and eminent persons.

There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this Compound Oxygen Treatment; and when so many thousands, especially in New England, are suffering the living death of consumption, the withholding of so comparatively small an outlay as is required for the "Home Treatment," and all the necessary inhaling apparatus, would seem to be almost criminal. From what we learn as to the results of this new cure we are well satisfied that its general use would annually save thousands from untimely graves, and give back to full or comparative health tens of thousands of weary and suffering invalids to whom life is now a burden.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*, October 19th, 1878.

THE STAR PARLOR ORGAN.

This fine instrument, which is manufactured by Alleger, Bowlby & Co., at Washington, New Jersey, is giving good satisfaction wherever introduced. The makers are thoroughly practical men, and give the closest attention to the workmanship of their organs, which, for finish, tone and wear, are up to the best styles in the market. If you are thinking about the purchase of a cabinet organ, turn to their advertisement in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, and examine it carefully. The terms offered cannot but be satisfactory; and you may be sure of getting a good instrument if you try the "Star" Organ.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT continues to hold a favorite place among ladies' toilet articles. It cleanses the mouth, sweetens the breath, and gives whiteness to the teeth. You will find it at your druggists.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

A FAVORITE YOUTH'S PAPER.—The *Youth's Companion* of Boston has steadily grown in public favor for more than fifty years, and is now one of the most admirably conducted papers in the country.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. CARBOLINE!

A DEODORIZED EXTRACT

OF

PETROLEUM

The Finest Hair Dress-
ing in the World.



THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT

WILL

RESTORE THE HAIR

ON

BALD HEADS.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN WANTING FOR CENTURIES.

The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from petroleum, and which effects a complete and radical cure in case of baldness, or where the hair, owing to diseases of the scalp, has become thin and tends to fall out. It is also a speedy restorative, and while its use secures a luxuriant growth of hair, it also brings back the natural color, and gives the most complete satisfaction in the using. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color, are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Such an article is CARBOLINE, and like many other wonderful discoveries, it is found to consist of elements almost in their natural state. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after it has been chemically treated and completely deodorized that it is in proper condition for the toilet. It was in far-off Russia that the effect of petroleum upon the hair was first observed, a Government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was in a few months a much finer head of black glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were as rapid as they were marvelous. The manes and even the tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but the knowledge was practically useless to the prematurely bald and gray, as no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and by a process known only to himself, he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in deodorizing refined petroleum, which renders it susceptible of being handled as daintily as the famous *eau de cologne*. The experiments with the deodorized liquid on the human hair were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, and the liquid, so searching in its nature, seems to penetrate to the roots at once, and set up a radical change from the start. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and, by some mysterious operation of nature, the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light-brown color to the hair, which, by continued use, deepens to a black. The color remains permanent for an indefinite length of time, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.—*Pittsburg Commercial* of Oct. 22, 1877.

The article is telling its own story in the hands of thousands who are using it with the most gratifying and encouraging results.

W. H. BRILL & Co., Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, says: "It affords us pleasure to add our names to your already long list of recommendations for your valuable Hair Restorer, 'Carboline.' We have sold preparations for the hair for upwards of twenty years, but have never had one to sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. We have examined your 'Carboline' with the greatest care, and find it contains nothing whatever injurious to the hair or general health. We therefore recommend it with confidence to our friends and the general public."

Mr. GUSTAVUS F. HALL, of the Oates Opera Troupe, writes: "After six weeks' use am convinced, as are also my comrades, that your 'Carboline' has and is producing a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years."

N. McCLARREN, Druggist, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "The good effects from the use of 'Carboline' are brought to my notice every day to such an extent as to justify me in recommending it to my most intimate friends."

C. H. SMITH, of the Jennie Hight Combination, writes: "After using your 'Carboline' three weeks, I am convinced that bald heads can be 're-haired.' It's simply wonderful in my case."

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We invite correspondence from clergymen. They can find no more refining and Christianizing influence among the families of their charge than these instruments, specially adapted to sacred music. They may learn what others think of our instruments by addressing the Publishers of this Magazine; or the Christian Advocate, New York City; or Rev. J. J. Reed or Rev. S. E. Webster, of Washington, N. J.

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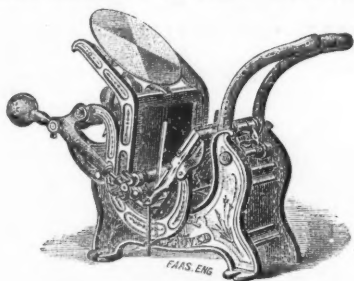
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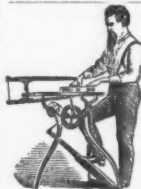
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